

WOMEN'S "SOVIET" SHOUT IN THE COMMONS

The Daily Mirror

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No. 4,827.

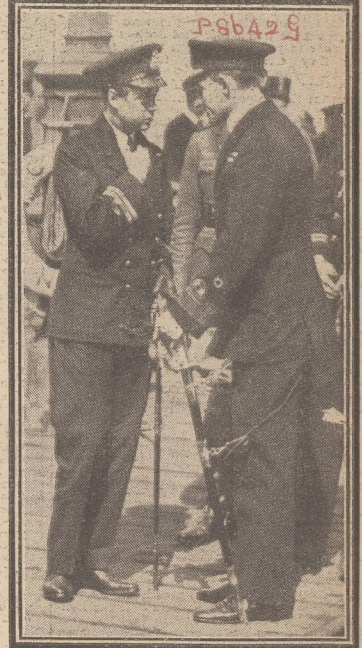
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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

THE PRINCE OF WALES CONVEYS HIS FATHER'S THANKS



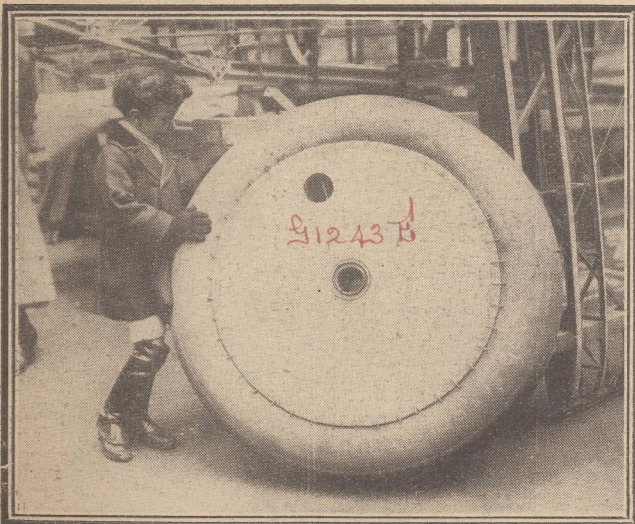
The Prince reviewing the guard of honour. He also inspected the great Dreadnought cruiser.

With Commodore John S. Dumaresq.

The Prince of Wales delivered a special message from the King yesterday, when he visited H.M.A.S. Australia, flagship of the Australian Fleet, which, with her consorts,

is leaving Portsmouth to-day. The message expressed the appreciation of his Majesty and the Mother Country of the part played by the Australian Navy in winning the war.

TANKS WHICH CARRY 2½ TONS OF PETROL: A TRANSATLANTIC COMPETITOR IN THE MAKING.



This little boy had never seen so big an aeroplane wheel before.

The Boulton and Paul transatlantic machine is being built at Norwich. She does not, of course, carry bombs, but with this exception she is exactly like her sister. The trans-

atlantic machine is fitted with an entirely new control system, which has been designed to enable the pilot to steer a steady course.—(Daily Mirror exclusive photographs.)

SHOULD A DOCTOR GIVE DEATH?

Coroner and Misery of Incurable Patients.

"THE TIME MIGHT COME."

Should doctors have the power to administer a painless death to a patient whose life has become unbearable owing to an incurable disease?

This question is raised by observations made at a Battersea inquest yesterday on a man of seventy, who committed suicide.

The subject of the inquest was William Leonard Feesen, a hosier, of Althorp-road, Battersea.

The coroner (Mr. Ingleby Oddie) said that a few days before his death the man had remarked that it was a pity that doctors had not the power to put patients out of their misery when they were suffering from incurable diseases.

The time might come, added the coroner, when with the proper safeguards that might be done.

The widow said that the doctor had told her husband, who complained of his heart, that it was impossible for him to return to business.

THREE WOUNDS.

On Friday last, added the widow, her husband asked her to bring him his smoking tray. She did so, and later found that he had stabbed himself with a knife that was on it.

There were three wounds.

The coroner observed that it would seem to be a good thing when life became unbearable if doctors could give the necessary relief, but we had not reached that period of civilisation yet. He had no doubt, however, that the time would come when painless anaesthesia would be brought about.

It was clear, that this man killed himself because there was no prospect of his recovery.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide while in a state of unsound mind.

U-BOAT ON THE BEACH.

Submarine Breaks Loose at Sea and Is Stranded at Hastings.

From Our Own Correspondent.

HASTINGS, Tuesday. Last night the local coastguards were notified that two U-boats which were being towed to France had broken loose in the Channel.

About 12.30 one of the submarines was washed up on the beach, after narrowly missing Hastings Pier.

It is flying the French flag, with the German flag under, and will remain here over the holiday.

(See picture on page 3.)

The other U-boat went ashore at Eastbourne.

CALL OF THE BLOOD.

Prince of Wales Expresses Empire's Thanks to Australia.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PORTSMOUTH, Tuesday. The Prince of Wales visited Portsmouth today to deliver a message from the King to the Australian Squadron.

He said: "On the eve of the departure of the flagships of the Royal Australian Navy, I wish to express my pride and pleasure that ships manned by sons of Australia, in company with the forces of the Empire, have shared in our naval triumphs of this world-wide struggle."

"During my visits to the Grand Fleet I have inspected some of these ships, and I have seen their high standard of efficiency. In 1914 the presence of the battle cruiser Australia materially checked the enemy's heaviest forces in the Pacific at a time when the Melbourne and the Sydney were conveying Australian transports to the seat of war. It was the dogged pursuit and destruction of the Emden that arrested the havoc wrought on our lines of communication."

"I thank heartily the Government and people of Australia for their generous provision of so valuable a naval force, and I wish to express my gratitude to all ranks and ratings for their faithful and devoted services during the war."

SANKEY'S EASTER EGG.

Miners to Receive Advance from January 9 at Once.

The Coal Controller has written colliery companies intimating that the amount due to miners as the extra pay of 2s. a day for men and 1s. for boys under sixteen, retrospective from January 9, should be paid this week.

It is about £7 16s. per man and £3 18s. per boy.

DEAD IN HIS BATH.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BATH, Tuesday. Mr. Frederick Butcher, head of a well-known firm of coat makers, was found yesterday dead in his bath.

John Henry Goddard, fifty-nine, an inmate of Leice-ter Workhouse, fell out of bed into a bucketful of water yesterday and was drowned.



Mr. Ingleby Oddie, the coroner, who presided at the inquest.



Sir E. Wille, K.C., who introduced the Bill.

COMMONS AND ALIENS.

"Camping Ground of World's Refugees"—Mr. Bottomley.

POWERS OF NEW BILL.

At the time of the armistice there were 24,200 interned enemy aliens and 21,000 enemy aliens at liberty. Since the armistice 19,000 had been repatriated. So said Mr. Shortt, the Home Secretary, in moving the second reading of the Aliens Bill in the House of Commons yesterday.

The number of aliens of all kinds, excluding Belgian refugees, was, he added, 20,000. Mr. Shortt pleaded for the principle of discrimination.

The Bill proposed that Orders in Council which existed in time of war should exist for two years after the passing of the Act.

The Bill would enable them, if necessary, to increase existing powers.

Mr. Bottomley, who moved the rejection of the Bill, said that the country had been too long the camping-ground of the world's refugees. Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., in a maiden speech, said aliens were at the bottom of half the vice of the metropolis, of the white slave traffic and the exploitation of English girls.

"I am not sure," said Sir Ernest, "that the neutral alien is not as dangerous as the enemy."

Later on in his speech he said: Why should aliens be allowed to sit on the magisterial bench, on the judicial bench and (pointing to the Government front bench) on the Treasury bench? (Loud cheers.) Why should they be allowed to change their names and to hold land in this country? The whole Bill was unworkable and stupid.

"CANADA'S GOLGOTHA."

Reply to Hun Denial of Crucified Soldier Story.

"An invented outrage," is the term used by the German Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in complaining of the exhibition at Burlington House of a bas-relief by Captain Brent Wood, A.R.A., entitled "Canada's Golgotha," which represents a Canadian soldier crucified with bayonets on a barn door.

The Canadian authorities in London, in reply, state that the evidence in their possession of the truth of the incident includes the sworn statements of soldiers of the best character, who were unknown to each other, and between whom there was no possibility of collusion, that on or about April 23, 1915, in the vicinity of St. Julien, in Belgium, they saw a soldier crucified to a barn door with bayonets.

The crucified soldier wore Canadian uniform and badges.

"SIEGE OF LIMERICK."

Strike Committee Relax Strangle-Hold on Food Shops.

Business is still at a standstill in Limerick owing to the action of the strike committee.

The strike leaders are picketing the provision shops, but grocery establishments may open for three hours in the evening to supply necessities, and bakers have been allowed to return to work.

However, back-door sales are effected, especially in foodstuffs.

The railwaymen have handed in their notices in an attempt to dislocate the traffic.

Everyone is his own messenger. Citizens are seen in top-hats bringing home loaves of bread under their arms.

Women in the fashionable residential quarters are helping their maids bring home tea and other necessities, and were seen carrying jugs in search of milk.

In the House of Commons last night, Mr. Bonar Law said he did not think that the Home Rule Act would be put into operation immediately on the declaration of peace.

COUPONLESS JAM.

From today jam is couponless, but no more plentiful, says the Press Bureau.

In the Lords it was stated that retail milk prices would be 7d. a quart in May, June, July and August. The decontrol of cheese was under review.

The London County Council last night decided to start with the clearance of the notorious Brady-street slum area, which was recently visited by the Queen.

WHAT "CISSIE" DID.

Three Days at London Hotel—Her Unseen Friend.

ABDUCTION CHARGE TO-DAY.

The man Ferguson, who is charged with the abduction of Cissie Raymond, the twelve-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, of Greek-street, Soho, was yesterday remanded to London by the Glasgow magistrate. He will be brought before the Marlborough-street magistrate to-day.

It now appears that Cissie, who disappeared from her home in Greek-street, Soho, on April 5, was for three days living undiscovered less than a mile away, notwithstanding the hue and cry that was raised.

Last Sunday morning she engaged a single bedroom for herself at the Bath Hotel, Torrington-square. "She asked for a room for three nights," the manageress told *The Daily Mirror*, "and added: 'I'll just go and ask my gentleman friend for the money.' When she returned I saw several Treasury notes in her handbag." On Monday she went shopping, and bought some pretty silk underwear, a handbag, a raincoat, a mackintosh cap, and a large leather case, which, she told me, her friend had paid for."

"She would go out about noon, saying she was going to meet her 'gentleman friend,' and return about 6 p.m. Later she would go out to some entertainment until about 10 p.m. or 10.30 p.m. On Monday evening she came in crying, and said that she would not be able to tell me what her mother was doing, but that at Liverpool, and probably had only a few hours to live. She left on the following evening about 8.30."

DAZZLE-JUMPERS.

Intriguing, Depression-Proof Garments for Easter Wear.

Lucky horseshoes in purple worked on brocade of deep-sea blue, allied to fiery dragons, peacocks, shimmering dragon-flies, and quaint mystic signs, go to the making of the new "dazzle" jumpers.

No modern girl will consider her wardrobe complete this Easter without one of these depression-proof garments.

The *Daily Mirror* saw a particularly intriguing model yesterday worn by a well-known dancing teacher at a tango-tea.

Fashioned in light-leaf brocade, short of sleeve, and falling straight from the shoulders, it was embellished all over with gold swastikas and weighted with heavy metallic tassels.

The woolly jumper is more popular than ever. The very latest things in this way, however, reach almost to the knee, and are finished with a deep band of fringe.

LIMBLESS LONGEVITY.

Maimed Soldiers Swim Better Than Ever Before.

At the opening of Church Army "Hostels" in Kensington yesterday, Colonel "Opushaw" made a somewhat startling statement. He said that a man who had lost one leg was likely to live longer than if he had not lost it, and if he lost two legs would probably live longer still.

He then pointed out how necessary it was to make adequate provision for men deprived of arms or legs as the result of the war. The heart, he added, had to carry the blood to the extremities, and other things being equal, it would continue to work longer if the legs were taken away.

He went further, and stated that a man who had lost both his legs could be a better swimmer than before his loss.

GUITAR AND NERVES.

Lords Discuss Neurasthenia and David's Playing Before Saul.

Is idleness or occupational treatment better for shell-shock and neurasthenia? was a question put by Earl Stanhope in the Lords yesterday.

Viscount Knutsford said Earl Stanhope might just as well ask whether starvation or a blue pill was the better cure for indigestion. One lay who wrote to him suggested that the guitar had a very soothing effect for neurasthenia.

His reply was that it had been tried by David before Saul without much success, and he believed that a neurasthenia colony living in the wilds in a state of nature was only broken up because dogs bit the patients.

Individual treatment was essential: he had seen men scarcely human who had been believed that a neurasthenia colony living in the wilds in a state of nature was only broken up because dogs bit the patients.

Viscount Peel thought scant justice had been done to David, for the effect of his playing was that "the gloom was removed from the brow of Saul."

BOY BOOKMAKERS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LIVERPOOL, Tuesday. When a boy named Walter Doran was bound over at Liverpool to-day with another boy named Robert Hoyle, on a charge of jobbing, for the purpose of betting with football coupons, he stated that, after a row with his father, a bookmaker, he started on his own. Last week he "dropped" £30.

'PLANE TRIPS FOR EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Twenty Minutes' Flights for £2 2s. Each.

PLANS FOR SUMMER.

The unexpected announcement that Easter passenger flights are to be permitted from to-morrow till Easter Tuesday has aroused the keenest interest throughout the country.

Aerial companies were yesterday bombarded with inquiries as to their plans for air trips. Whatever they may be—and they were in process of incubation yesterday—the rush to fly will, weather permitting, be enormous.

At Hendon Aerodrome during Easter the public will be able to have a flight in an actual bombing "plane of the Handley Page two-engine type." The fare for a twenty minutes' trip will be £2 2s.

Weather permitting, flights will commence to-morrow and continue from morning to dusk. The Air Ministry announces that for the Easter flying it has been decided to make available, to firms in a position to use them, as many R.A.F. aerodromes as possible.

It will be a wonderful aeroplane summer season. Most people of modern means will be able to afford a light car, motorboat, or sea.

The following summarised list of coming flight "programmes" at various seaside towns, obtained by *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, are of great interest.

Bournemouth.—The town is negotiating with several firms for aerial trips during the coming season by means of seaplanes and flying-boats.

DAILY FLIGHTS.

It is expected that a regular aeroplane service from Bournemouth to Southampton, Portsmouth, Weymouth, Swanage, Poole and other towns will be arranged.

Hastings.—The Borough Council have practically completed negotiations with an aviation company for the establishment of an aeroplane service during the coming summer.

Daily flights will be arranged from the fore-shore and a cross-Channel service established. Flying trips to and from other pleasure resorts are also projected.

Eastbourne.—Three bays of the foreshore are to be allotted for proposed seaplane service. Regular and efficient seaplane flights will be maintained.

Ramsgate.—Definite arrangements for aeroplane trips to and from the town are expected to be fixed up within a few days.

FROM TOWN TO TOWN.

Southport.—The firm and spacious foreshore provides splendid facilities for aircraft purposes. Negotiations are now proceeding.

Cleethorpes.—Permission has been given to an aeroplaning company to conduct pleasure trips from the beach in the summer and to open a regular aeroplane service with other towns.

Folkestone.—A special landing stage is to be erected at the Victoria Pier for flying-boat trips, which are to be a special feature of the season. Mr. Holt Thomas, chairman of Aircraft, Transport and Travel, Limited, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that long before a commercial air service could be run on a regular basis there was an enormous amount of ground work to be done.

"We believe, in fact, that it is too early, as yet, to find a profitable commercial use, at any rate, in developed countries, for a very large type of aeroplane."

"ROAD INFORMATION."

Useful Hints for Motorists Planning Easter Holidays.

The following "road information," supplied to *The Daily Mirror* by the Automobile Association, will be of interest to all motorists in view of the Easter holidays:—

CORNWALL.—In entering St. Mawes or Portscatho districts it is better to cross River Fal than to follow the coast road, which is crowded into that part of county.

Between Liskeard and Launceston bad portions can be avoided by travelling via Callington, Congdon's Shop and Southperthwin.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—Bad section from Bishops Lydeard to Netleycombe can be avoided by taking road to Bishops Lydeard through Crowcombe, Williton.

WILTSHIRE.—Roads have suffered severely through use for Army purposes.

Further "road information" will be published to-morrow.

WHERE THE SUN SHONE.

Maximum sunshine yesterday was experienced in England, South-East and South-West, where several stations recorded from five to six hours. Torquay reported 6.5 hours.

England, East, averaged two to three hours' sunshine; Yarmouth reported 3.7 hours and 10mins. rain.

Over the rest of Great Britain the day was mainly overcast.

TODAY'S WEATHER.

South-East England.—Wind from between north-west and north, becoming less strong generally. Variable sky, some squalls and showers. Hail locally. Colder.

PREMIER TO-DAY—SHOUTING WOMEN IN COMMONS

ATLANTIC WEATHER ON THE UP-GRADE.

Mr. Raynham May Dis-
pense with Trial Flight.

DUAL START TO-DAY?

"First Away" Arrangement to
Carry Mail Bag.

Weather still bars the start in the transatlantic flight.

Last night's official meteorological bulletin issued by the Air Ministry reports the likelihood of a continuance of bad weather, and the Royal Aero Club's observer in Newfoundland yesterday cabled: "No prospect of start to-day. Rain and fog."

A Central News St. John's message, which arrived late last night, stated that the weather is improving.

A cable to "The Daily Mail" also states that the weather forecast for to-morrow is not unfavourable.

Mr. Hawker, however, with his Sopwith machine, was prepared to start yesterday afternoon (says Reuter) as the weather was then showing signs of improvement, but when it was announced that he would wait till to-day. Government tugs are ready to keep a sharp lookout for him, and the R.A.F. Squadron at Fermo (Co. Cork) are ready to fly seawards to escort Mr. Hawker to a landing-place.

NO DISTRESS SIGNALS.

In consequence of Mr. Hawker having burned the generator of his wireless-sewing equipment, and being unable to effect repairs or renewal, he has decided to attempt the flight without the apparatus, and will thus be unable to send out distress signals.

He will, however, retain a receiving set, so that he will be able to ascertain his position from any ship which sees the machine.

The Sopwith will take about 100 letters addressed to a number of prominent people in the British Isles, including the King, the Prime Minister, Cabinet Ministers and others, as well as a package of photographs of the preliminary flight.

A NECK-AND-NECK FLIGHT?

More Delay for Hawker, and
Raynham Will Race Him.

It is believed that if the weather holds back Mr. Hawker another two days, Mr. Raynham and the Martinside will be on an equal footing, and they will start together.

The trial of the Martinside (Mr. Raynham) has been postponed to to-day. "I intend to cross the Atlantic, not to fall into it," declared Mr. Raynham yesterday in explanation of the fact that he is providing few safeguards. The Martinside carries lifebelts, but "we might as well leave them behind," says Mr. Raynham. "I would sooner have it over than linger if I have to come down."

His machine, he says, can fly for twenty-five hours at 100 miles per hour. He hopes to complete the journey to Brooklands in twenty hours.

By the courtesy of *The Daily Mail* we are enabled to quote a St. John's message, which states that if the weather conditions are favourable enough Mr. Raynham will dispense with a trial and start straight away.

By friendly arrangement between Mr. Hawker and Mr. Raynham the first away will carry the mail bag.

The Handley-Page machine, which is to start from Newfoundland, was dispatched in sections yesterday from Cricklewood.

Major Wood hopes to start for Ireland to-day. American Warship Patrol.—The Americans say that their N.C. planes will not be ready for the flight before early May.

A patrol of about fifty warships is being arranged by the American Navy Department, and there will, it is expected, be a chain of destroyers about 200 miles apart.

MILAN STRIKE?

Following the disorders yesterday at the Labour Exchange, a general strike has been decided on for to-day at Milan.—Exchange Milan message dated yesterday.

"RED" MISSION ARRESTED

The Russian Bolshevik Mission at Tcheran, Persia, says the Wireless Press, has been put under arrest, according to a message radiated by a Russian wireless station.

EGYPT AND INDIA FORCES

Owing to recent events, demobilisation has been suspended in Egypt and India, said Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons yesterday.

Mr. Lloyd George to Speak First—Prince of Wales to Lunch with Him.

SUMMONS TO HUNS SENT OUT LAST NIGHT.

Mr. Lloyd George, after presiding at a Cabinet meeting, saw the King at Buckingham Palace yesterday evening. *The Daily Mirror* learns that the Premier will speak first in the Commons this afternoon, and the Prince of Wales will lunch with him at the House of Commons. Paris messages state that invitations to the German peace delegates were being drawn up yesterday for dispatch last night. The Germans must be prepared to sign the terms on May 10.

Commons Scene.—Two women—one of whom wore a long white cloak—interrupted the Commons debate last night by shouting from the Strangers' Gallery, "We want the Soviet."

GERMANS TO SIGN THE TREATY ON MAY 10.

No Discussion Allowed on Main Terms.

Mr. Lloyd George will make his eagerly-awaited speech in the Commons to-day after luncheon, probably about 2 or 2.30, and is expected to speak for considerably over an hour.

Yesterday the Premier presided at a Cabinet meeting and spent a busy day seeing callers, including Mr. Churchill. He went to see the King in the evening, with whom he had a fifty minutes' interview.

While in London Mr. Lloyd George will discuss peace matters with the leaders of all political parties, declares a member of the Premier's entourage in an interview with the *Echo de Paris*.

The Premier, he added, would more especially explain to them the position with regard to the question of reparations to be made and the indemnity to be paid by Germany.

As regards the indemnity question, Mr. Lloyd George has insisted that Germany, in addition to the provisional bond of £5,000,000,000 which she must sign, must enter into an engagement to meet the entire cost of reparations, war damages and pensions.

The financial experts who have studied the extent of Germany's ability to pay are divided with regard to the sum which she will be able to pay in the next thirty-five years.

WILSON TO SAIL ON MAY 1.

Some of them think that £5,000,000,000 will be the limit, others place it as high as £8,000,000,000. Mr. Lloyd George is said to be anxious that the payments shall be spread over a period of fifty years so that the actual total payment may be increased. President Wilson has expressed his intention of sailing for America some time before May 1.—Reuter.

NO DISCUSSION ALLOWED.

Formal Proceedings at Versailles with the Press Absent.

PARIS, Tuesday. The invitation to the German peace delegates is being sent to-day, and will be dispatched to Germany to-night.

It has now been definitely decided that the peace terms shall be handed to the German Delegation at the Trianon Palace, Versailles, which has been the headquarters of the Inter-Allied Supreme War Council.

The proceedings will be in the large conference-room, and will be brief and formal without discussion, the Press not being admitted.

M. Clemenceau will read the terms and present them to the German delegates, who will be instructed to be prepared to sign them in Versailles Palace on May 10, the anniversary of the signing of the Frankfurt Treaty in 1871.—Central News.

The Treaty of Peace, says Reuter, will be divided into two parts:—

1.—The preliminary treaty with Germany. This will include one clause whereby the Germans undertake in advance to acquiesce in all agreements entered into with her former allies.

2.—The clauses which do not directly concern Germany.

These Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey may be called upon to sign later on.

It is probable that, as in the case of the armistice, the Germans will be given eight days' grace before they must sign the treaty.

The Germans, it is understood, will not be allowed to discuss the territorial and military terms, which they will have to accept as they are, en bloc.

They may, however, be permitted to make suggestions regarding ways and means of carrying out the financial and economic terms.

The Huns will be called upon to cancel treaties made with their allies in the war, says the Exchange correspondent.

Austria a Hun State.—A German delegation,

it is reported, has arrived in Vienna in order to arrange for the incorporation of Austria with Germany.

It is pointed out in Paris, says the Central News, that if the Germans are summoned to Versailles on April 25, only ten days remain in which to settle Germany's Eastern frontiers, to decide the fate of Danzig and to deal with the Adriatic question and a host of other matters.

It is thought that this eleventh-hour speeding up will involve dangerous possibilities.

Herz Ebert, in an Easter message, says he welcomes the National Assembly's view that Germany would agree only to a peace of conciliation, and would reject any treaty that sacrificed the German people's future to the declaration of the German peoples inflexible will that the coming peace shall be one of lasting understanding and conciliation among nations.—Reuter.

BOLSHEVIST EMISSARIES REACH MUNICH.

Berlin Extremists Organising Another General Strike.

Russian Bolsheviks and Hungarian Communist leaders are reported by Reuter's Berlin agent to have arrived in Munich.

A Frankfurt paper, quoted by Reuter's Bale correspondent, reports that the Munich "Reds," supported by Communist workmen, have recaptured from the Bavarian Government forces the telegraph offices, various public buildings and the central railway station, and have cut communication with Augsburg.

There is no confirmation, however, of this story, the latest official message (Wireless Press) being the text of the Bavarian Government's proclamation on the downfall of the Bolsheviks.

Dusseldorf Spartacists Defeated.—A Wireless Press dispatch gives details of the capture by Government troops of the Spartacist stronghold in Dusseldorf on Sunday. Fifty-four ringleaders were arrested.

Messages via Switzerland report that Berlin extremists are organising another general strike.

At Hamburg an American ship loaded with food for Poland is said to have been pillaged by the mob, and at Stettin there have been hunger riots and looting.

Grenade Throwing and sharp shooting were practised after a meeting at Isertohn (Westphalia), addressed by the Communist leader Brenner, when a procession of demonstrators, according to the *Lokalanzeiger*, marched to the town hall demanding the disbandment of the Public Security troops.

Eight persons were wounded in the affray and taken to hospital. Brenner himself was severely wounded and one person was killed.

Reuter's Berlin message says the Government troops were completely defeated by the Spartacists in the battle for Munich station.

BRISK RECRUITING FOR ARCHANGEL FORCE.

First Section Starts Early in May—Four Days' Leave.

The Daily Mirror learns that the situation in the Archangel area has been considerably improved by the recent successes against the Bolsheviks.

Recruiting for the relief force is going on in all parts of the country. It is important that it should be completed by April 25, as the first section of the main force will start early in May. All men who join before to-morrow will be granted four days' leave (Good Friday to Easter Monday inclusive), and every endeavour will be made to grant similar leave to all others as soon as they are clothed. Recruits should apply to the nearest recruiting officer.

WOMAN IN WHITE CLOAK IN HOUSE.

Shouts From Strangers' Gallery in Debate.

"WE WANT THE SOVIET."

Two Women Ejected and Third Makes a Slow Exit.

There was a dramatic interruption in the House of Commons debate last night.

A woman from the Strangers' Gallery began to speak in a loud voice.

She was approached by the attendants, and two women were dragged or carried out shouting:

"You are murderers. Our men have given their lives to safeguard the country. We have not finished one war, and you are leading the workers to another war."

We shall have no peace till we have the Soviet."

They had no sooner passed through the door and the sound of the clatter on the stairs had subsided, than a third woman, in a long white cloak, rose slowly in the gallery, waited a moment as though to get her breath, and then said: "We want the Soviet."

She stood for several seconds waiting the summons to depart, but no attendant was near.

Presently a doorkeeper touched her on the shoulder, and she slowly and alone walked up the steps of the gallery, and so made an undramatic and solitary exit.

ONE CARRIED A RED FLAG.

The three women who interrupted were later identified as Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Mrs. Cole and Miss Stephenson.

In the possession of one of them was found a red flag of triangular shape bearing in white letters the words "Bring the boys back."

The incident, says another version, took both members and officials by surprise. Prompt measures were taken for the ejection of the interrupters, who made no struggle, but merely remarked, "We're done."

No charge was made against them, and at the rising of the House they were released.

"ARCHDUKE MURDERED IN PRISON."

Ex-Hungarian Ministers Also Said To Have Been Killed.

The *Achtuhr Abendblatt*, says the Exchange, has received information from a traveller who has just arrived from Budapest that the Communists there have murdered Archduke Joseph, Dr. Alexander Wekerle (the former Premier), and Baron Joseph Steiner (ex-Minister of Commerce).

The information must be received with reservation, adds the Exchange.

The Bolshevik Marriage.—A decree issued by the Bolshevik Government in Budapest, says the Wireless Press, permits married people who are separated to marry again, which act dissolves the first contract.

Provision must be made for alimony for the first wife if she has not given the husband a legitimate reason for living apart from her, and for any children of the dissolved union; and to regulate these matters the People's Commissioner will issue an additional decree.

Horse-racing is also prohibited by another Bolshevik decree in Hungary.

KAISER TO BE TRIED FOR HIS LIFE.

Reported Capital Charges Against German Military Leaders.

PARIS, Tuesday. The Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune* declares it is in a position to state that the Kaiser and other Germans will be tried before a tribunal formed by the League of Nations for violating treaties and for crimes committed during the war.

It states that the report of the Responsibilities Commission specifically indicts the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Tirpitz and others, and that it is believed the death penalty will be inflicted upon the German leaders responsible for cruelties and crimes committed during the war.—Central News War Special.

The extradition of the ex-Kaiser, says the newspaper, will be demanded by Belgium through the intermediary of the League of Nations.

It is understood that Holland has given certain assurances with regard to the extradition of the Kaiser.—Reuter.

TOBRALCO FOR SOUND HARD WEAR



TOBRALCO always looks sound and superior. The colors are bright, fresh, and delightful wash after wash—no starch needed. It is wise to pay the Tobralco price—if you want lasting satisfaction. See Tobralco at your draper's.

2/6 per yard, 27/28 inches wide; White, Tussore, Black, and Guaranteed Indelible Colors. Name always on selvedge

TOBRALCO
THE COTTON WASH-DRESS FABRIC IN WORLD-WIDE USE.

PATTERNS FREE ON REQUEST also of Tantalum for home-sewn lingerie, Tootal Pique, Tootal Shirting, and Namrit—the Indelible Voile. Write which you desire, to TOOTALS, Dept. A 20, 32, Chapside, London, E.C.2. TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD., Manufacturers of all the Tootal Guaranteed Fabrics.

SEE NAME ON SELVEDGE

A1927



Stage & Society Beauties

Rely on the never-failing effect of

NEVILLE'S

EAU DE COLOGNE
VANISHING CREAM

a scientific success in the perfect blending of the finest triple distilled Eau-de-Cologne (an unrivalled skin tonic) with a pure emollient skin cream. It gives a youthful appearance, a charming complexion, and a clear pink-white skin.

Invaluable in all cases of

SHINY SKIN. SKIN BLEMISHES.
LINES ON FACE. RED ROUGH HANDS.
SALLOW COMPLEXION. WIND CHAFING.

Ask your Chemist for and insist upon Neville's Eau-de-Cologne Vanishing Cream.

PRICES:

1/3 1/6 3/6 and 5/-.

Should be out of stock write direct to—
NEVILLE'S PARFUMERIE (PARIS),
ACTON, LONDON, W. 3.
Telephone: Chiswick 104.



(1) **MR. T. CLIFFORD DAWSON,**
of "Mowbray," Maryvale Road, Bourneville, writes
Allow me to thank you for the wonderful cure of Neurasthenia and Nervous Breakdown of two years standing, with only three bottles of your Phosferine. I have been on war work at the "Austin Motor Works." Age 49.

(2) **PRIVATE W. G. AMATT,**
5th Royal Berks, British Expeditionary Force.

After a long spell in hospital I was finally discharged, still feeling the effects of the Nerve Shock. A friend advised me to try Phosferine, and I can assure you it has done me a great amount of good in bracing me up and restoring my nerves.

(3) **PRIVATE J. LING,**
A.S.C. M.T.

I had an attack of Neurasthenia, caused through Shock, and hearing about Phosferine, I thought I would try it, and did, with the result that I have not had any attack for two years now.

(4) **MR. W. O'MALLEY, M.P.,** writes:

For steadily and strengthening overworked nerves I know of nothing better than Phosferine, and in depression its recuperative power has been particularly noticeable.

(5) **CORPORAL W. BALDWIN,**
R.A.M.C., British Expeditionary Force.

I was on board the "Royal Edward" when she was torpedoed, and, being several hours in the water, my nerves were completely shattered, but soon after landing in England I obtained a supply of Phosferine; after taking three 3/- bottles of your medicine my nerves were fully restored.

(6) **R. L. KEARNS (Late Private),**
King's Liverpool Regiment, British Expeditionary Force.

I was a physical wreck, and it looked as if I would never gain any of my old vitality back again, but very soon the use of Phosferine had the effect of bringing about a complete revolution in my condition.

The fortunate experience of these soldier victims of nerve shock is typical of the thousands of similar cases of Nerve Breakdown which Phosferine has permanently remedied. Phosferine so speedily restored the activity of the exhausted nerve organisms that each of these men has once again acquired the vitality to take up his work with even more energy than formerly.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

| | | | |
|------------------|--------------------|-----------|-------------|
| Influenza | Neuralgia | Lassitude | Nerve Shock |
| Indigestion | Maternity Weakness | Backache | Backache |
| Sleeplessness | Premature Decay | Faintness | Rheumatism |
| Exhaustion | Mental Exhaustion | Brain-Fog | Headache |
| Nervous Debility | Loss of Appetite | Anæmia | Sciatica |

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily and at less cost than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 3/- tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

SALE MORE THAN DOUBLE THAT OF
ANY OTHER SUNDAY PICTURE PAPER

VICTORY OVER RHEUMATISM. GOUT, SCIATICA AND LUMBAGO.

Gift of World's Finest Prescription.

An ever-increasing army of men and women are chanting a loud-swalling chorus of "Victory!"—over their Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica and Lumbago, and other Uric Acid, Chalk and Gravel troubles.

The stiff joints and muscles of these sufferers were loosened up and pain eased in 24 to 48 hours after trying the now famous Free Prescription of a well-known West End physician-specialist.

The victory was achieved without the trouble or expense of a consultation with the physician-specialist. The latter's prescription is included gratis in the remedy that is now selling largely throughout the country under the name of "Urillac" Tablets, in popular priced packages at 1/3 and 3/-.

EVERY SUFFERER IS INVITED TO TRY

"URILLAC" TABLETS.

Every sufferer is invited to try the self-same remedy as used by the lady mentioned in the following letter just received:—

March 27th, 1919.

Dear Sirs,—I now take the pleasure to let you know what a wonderful thing your Urillac Tablets are. My mother, suffering for many years with Neuritis and Rheumatism, finds a great relief after taking the first two bottles, and is now starting the third, after the Doctors had told her there was no cure for her. Therefore, I shall speak of the Tablets wherever I go. (Signed) H. LXXX.

Note that this lady's Rheumatism and Neuritis were so bad that, as reported in the letter, "the doctors had told her that there was no cure for her."

Now, few sufferers can be so bad as this lady, and as "Urillac" Tablets succeeded so well even in her "incurable" case, readers will be able to judge how marvellously the "Urillac" Prescription Remedy eases pain and the stiffness, soreness, or swelling.



**RHEUMATISM GOUT
SCIATICA LUMBAGO
NEURALGIA NEURITIS
URIC ACID HEADACHE . . . GRAVEL**

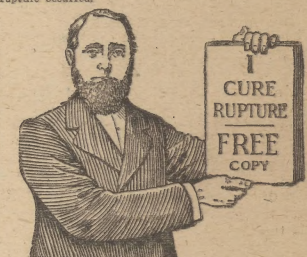
"Urillac" is supplied in handy portable tablet form by all Chemists and Drug Stores, including all Branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Parke's, Timothy White's, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., at 1/3 and 3/-, or post free from THE URILLAC CO., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

WHY WEAR A TRUSS?

I Cure Rupture.

Send for a Free Test, copy of my Book, and Particulars of
MY £100 GUARANTEE.

This is not a wild statement made by an irresponsible individual. It is the absolute genuine and unvarnished fact, which will gladly be reached for by scores of cured people not only in Great Britain but also on the Continent and abroad. When I say cure, I do not simply mean that I supply a truss, pad or other appliance which is to be worn continually by sufferers in order to keep their Rupture in place. I mean that my system enables the ruptured to discard all such irritating inconvenience and make the part as well and strong as it was before the rupture occurred.



My Book, copy of which I will gladly send you free, explains fully how you may cure yourself, without pain or inconvenience, by this system. I discovered it after I had suffered myself for years with double rupture, which the doctors said was incurable. It cured me, and I felt that it was my bounden duty to give the whole world at large the benefit of my discovery, with the result that for many years now I have been curing ruptures in all parts of the globe.

You will probably be interested to receive with the Free Book and Test, signed testimonial from a few out of the many cured patients. Do not waste time and money in trying to obtain elsewhere what my discovery offers, as you will only be incurring disappointment. Just fill in and fill in the coupon at the foot of this announcement, post it to me, and the Book, Copy of my Guarantee, Test, and the particulars you need will reach you promptly. Please send no money whatever.

FREE TEST COUPON.

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS & SONS, Ltd. (Box 23 C),
32, Theobald's Road, London, W.O.1.

DEAR SIRS.—Send me Free the information and Test that I may cure my Rupture.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1919.

LET HIM DEFY THEM!

ALREADY the Prime Minister's return has produced a mood almost of penitence in the aggressive group of super-patriots in the House of Commons who want to prepare future wars by breaking any or all of President Wilson's Fourteen Points.

Already those who protested, across the Channel to Paris, are subdued and more modest. We thought they were threatening. It looked like it. Apparently they were only asking for information.

They didn't insist that the German Republic should be permanently enslaved for the payment of fantastic sums that exist only in the imaginations of those who were too old to fight in the war. They merely wanted to know.

To-day the Prime Minister will tell them. We do not share that impressionability of his active and ardent temperament, which always leads him to pay far too much attention to loud-voiced busybodies everywhere.

The day of the extremist, of the war rafter, of the hate producer, of the fireside fulminator, and aged apoplectic driver of young men into the trenches, is over or ending. The day of the moderate man, the day of greater love, and reconciliations, is at hand: or if it isn't, our state is indeed hopeless! But Hull seems to show that moderate men, who can see an inch beyond their noses, will increasingly enter Parliament. The reaction is in that sense. Soon the preachers of death and hate will be as much loathed here, as they boast of loathing the enemy we have defeated now. Will Mr. Lloyd George see it?

His splendid stand for justice and reason at the Conference gives us hope that he will. In that case, he will boldly drop the apoplectic and hating members of his far too large majority. Let them rave. And let him defy them and the noodles who sent them to Parliament.

THE USUAL "EXODUS"?

SPECIAL appeals are being made to the masses this week not to insist upon the usual Easter exodus in quite the usual way: that is, not in crowds, not in herds, not in competing multitudes for the same places at the same times in the same trains.

Easter is the best time for a holiday, but best only for a holiday of rest. And this Easter, this spring, is the first any thinking man or woman has been able even partially to enjoy for four long years.

Enjoy it, then, all who can!—all still not too much saddened by memories. But we should like to see some originality in enjoyment. A little research. A few new ideas as to new places to go to. Not just the old blind rush for the most crowded "resorts." And that all the more because transport difficulties will make the "exodus" this year not only uncomfortable, but dangerous for those whose herd-instinct leads them to live in crowds. W. M.

LILIES OF PEACE.

(Easter, 1919.)

Lilies and sweet lavender
Pulsely in the Garden bloom,
Lenten lilies, hooded, watch
Nun-like, round the empty Tomb.

Peace, with lilies of the vale,
Comes on softly-moving wings,
And our Dead, immortal, rise
With the Easter hope she brings.

They will turn and smile at end
Of the weeping world's dismay,
Midst the lilies of the vale
Pass on their triumphant way.

—MABEL LEIGH.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little more; to spend a little less; to renounce, when that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered. To keep a few friends, but these without capitulation. Above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself. Here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.—Sir Philip Sidney

PROMISING NEW MEMBERS AT WESTMINSTER

MEN WHO HAVE "MADE GOOD" IN THE FIRST SESSION.

BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.

TWO months ago some three hundred M.P.s found seats on the floor of the House of Commons for the first time. To-day, with the adjournment for the Easter recess, the first part of the session comes to an end, and a fitting opportunity thus presents itself of taking stock of some of the new arrivals who have caught the Speaker's eye in this young post-war Parliament.

One of the most interesting personalities is Major Cohen, the Unionist member for Fairfield (Liverpool), who came to St. Stephen's with the pathetic distinction of having lost both his legs at Ypres during the war.

His maiden speech, delivered seated, was made a few days after the session opened. It was a quiet, persuasive appeal for disabled soldiers and sailors, and coming as it did from the lips of a battle-maimed hero, stirred the House to its depths.

We are likely to hear a lot of one young

only made one little speech—and that within two hours of taking his seat as Sir Frederick Smith's successor at West Derby. But he has come to Westminster with a reputation for straight speaking, and if I am any judge of character I detect behind those twinkling eyes a rare fund of bantering humour.

Sir Martin Conway, who made a picturesque speech last week on the Housing Bill; Mr. George Balfour, the great engineer, who has founded and developed many public utility undertakings; Mr. Macquisten, who gave Mr. Pringle a drubbing at Springfield (Glasgow); Mr. T. Moles, an Ulster journalist with much of the Ulsterman's solemnity of manner; and Major Lloyd Greame, M.C., a young Tory "intellectual," who saw service in France, was invalided home, and beat Mrs. How Martyn at Hendon, are also attracting notice.

LABOUR MEN.

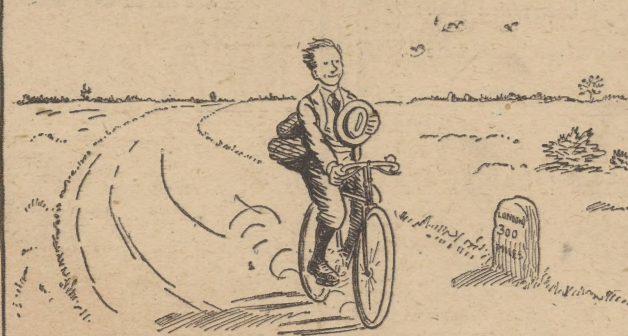
Several new men who speak for Labour are winning their way to the front.

One of the most promising of these is Mr. John Davison, of Smethwick, the man who fought Miss Christabel Pankhurst.

Mr. Davison has been a sanitary inspector, and his speech on the terrible condition of

THIS WEEK'S "QUIET HOLIDAY" FOR EASTER.—No. 3.

THE DREAM HOLIDAY — A PUSH-BIKE, AN OPEN COMMON FAR FROM TOWN CROWDS



THE REALITY!



For cyclists especially the crowds are always a bar to bliss.—(By W. K. Haselden).

man. This is Captain Elliot (M.C. and bar), who during the recent debate on the Woman's Emancipation Bill enchanted the House with his freshness of thought and sparkling humour. The captain is a Glasgow man, a bachelor in the early thirties, and a medical practitioner.

A great airman who is becoming a familiar figure is Colonel J. T. C. Moore Brabazon, the elect of Chatham.

Colonel Brabazon, who has spoken several times, won the £1,000 offered by *The Daily Mail* in 1909 for the first to fly a mile on an all-British machine. He always addresses an interested House.

Viscount Curzon, the member for South Battersea, is another promising new man. A dark, handsome naval officer, he speaks in the tones of the quarter-deck, and his fine record in the war—he was commander of the Queen Elizabeth—gives him a special claim to address the House on matters affecting the Senior Service.

I fancy, too, we shall hear a good deal of Admiral Sir Reginald Hall. So far he has

some of the houses of the poor, with heart-aching details of overcrowding and squalid backyards, was notable for its eloquence and intensity of feeling.

Mr. Jack Jones, with his slow slogging style of oratory and frequent interposition; Mr. Dan Irving, so closely resembling William O'Brien in appearance; Mr. "Jimmy" Sexton, the dockers' champion, whose speeches never lack punch; and Captain Lossely (National Democratic Party), with his daily cross-examination of Ministers, are becoming familiar figures.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the son of the great statesman; Mr. J. J. Wallace, the Coalition Liberal for Dunfermline; Sir William Sutherland, the Prime Minister's popular parliamentary secretary; and Major Christopher Lowther, the Speaker's son, are also shaping well.

Few men have grown more popular than Mr. Bottomley.

When he spoke on the second day of the Session he commanded as big a House as a Cabinet Minister. E. A. J.

BEFORE THE BUDGET.

OUR READERS' FURTHER SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CHANCELLOR.

INCOME TAX FOR MANUAL WORKERS.

"FORTY Years in Business" has, I think, made a very useful and sensible suggestion—one of the few practical Budget ideas evolved by amateurs.

I do not think the employer would object to the extra work and trouble involved, and the financial result, of course, outweighs the other considerations. Cash is needed, and I believe every working man is willing and anxious to pay his share—provided that everyone in a similar position also has to pay.

This is really a great idea. No tax dodgers, each individual paying a fair share, and the cash would go to the Government each week.

MAKE THEM ALL PAY.

HE WILL PROTEST.

I SHOULD really like to know what the Government are going to term a "bachelor"?

I am twenty-seven years of age, and have just been demobilised after serving in France for close upon four years. I suppose now it will be necessary for me to scrape savings to raise sufficient cash for matrimonial purposes.

If I am to be taxed I shall consider it an act of rank injustice, and shall protest to the utmost.

There are plenty of wealthy spinsters who are unmarried, and never would marry even if they had the opportunity. These people seem to be unnoticed. R.F.A.

I AM a young bachelor with a private income of £200 a year.

Owing, however, to my absence for three years in the Army my professional practice will yield little, if any, net income for some considerable time.

In these circumstances, although I should prefer the joys of matrimony to those of bachelorhood, I do not feel justified in becoming engaged except to a suitable girl, possessing an income equal to my own.

I, therefore, think that instead of taxing bachelors, the Government would be doing more good by inaugurating a sort of State matrimonial bureau, whereby suitable partners desiring matrimony could be brought together, after their history and bona fides had been investigated. W. H. C.

MODERN NOVELS AND THEIR BINDING.

IN Mr. Sisley's article on Monday he claims to have convinced himself on the unsuitability of modern book-binding after a "fortnight in hospital."

I have spent seven months flat on my back with a smashed thigh, during which time I have read on an average ten books a week.

I speak from my own experience and that of others when I say that the cloth-bound book as issued by libraries is the most popular on account of its obvious "readability" compared to the old 7d. editions, for example.

As regards difficulty in holding the book, any one in bed curses the "paper-backs," which flop all over the place.

WEST KENT (still in hospital).

THE FOREIGNER.

THOUSANDS of the men who have fought and suffered will agree with "A Dead Boy's Mother."

If the Chancellor of the Exchequer wants a further source of revenue, why not tax the alien who comes to this country, when he comes for pleasure or to seek employment?

If as a visitor, he should upon arrival be made to pay a head tax of £10 as a stipulation that he will be of good behaviour.

At the end of his visit if he has complied with the regulations he receives back his £10, less 10s., which goes towards the expenses of collection, etc.

On the other hand, should the alien want to try his fortune in our labour market, I would suggest a charge of £25 for the privilege—we don't want him even at that price, but this amount, small as it is, will not only help to keep the "undesirable element" away, but will bring a certain amount of "grist to the mill."

I ask, why should the men who have shouldered the great burden because of their love of freedom and justice come back to this great Empire of Britain and pay as their mark of patriotism the further burden of taxation? LANGLEY SAY (invalided December, '18).

HIGH HEELS.

MIGHT I suggest that the Chancellor could raise some revenue by taxing the absurdly high heels that so many women are now wearing?

I would suggest a graduated tax, heels over two inches and under three 10s., over three inches and under four £2, over four inches and under five £5, over five inches, if such monstrosities exist, £10.

If women like to make themselves ridiculous by tottering about in stilettos, it is only fair that they should pay for the privilege. GEORGE BOWEN.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 15.—Radish seed may now be sown. It should be remembered that the seed must be grown quickly if tender roots are to be expected. Give it light, rich soil, therefore, and see that the rows are watered during dry spells of weather. If an early crop of runner beans is desired, sow some seed at once in boxes.

If these are placed in a sunny frame—which must, of course, be left closed for a time—some good early plants will be obtained. At the end of May planting-out can be done. E. F. T.



Shredded Wheat

is here again
with supplies unlimited.

WE take this opportunity of expressing our great regret to the PUBLIC and the TRADE that, owing to war conditions, they should have so long been denied this valuable food product.

*Your Grocer can now supply
—ask him for a packet to-day.*

SHREDDED WHEAT is 100 per cent. Whole Wheat
—the most essential of all foods in its most perfect form.
Especially good for growing children.

SHREDDED WHEAT CO., Ltd., General Bldgs, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

YOU WANT THE BEST

so Buy from
THE FIRM WHO MAKE IT.

MAYPOLE MARGARINE

@ **8½^d.** A LB.

is now **SELLING IN FAR LARGER
QUANTITIES** throughout the Kingdom than
is any other Margarine.

The fact is the proof that
MAYPOLE QUALITY is **THE BEST.**

We thank our old-time Customers for
their renewed support and for recom-
mending so many new Customers.
Whilst Butter is in short supply, the
British Public are evidently determined
to have its most reliable substitute:
MAYPOLE MARGARINE.

Why pay extra for "Packets" elsewhere when
"Maypole" Assistants will, without any charge, make
up Margarine into any shape for our Retail
Customers.

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO.

LTD.

Proprietors of by far the largest and
best equipped Margarine-making Works
in the British Isles.

889 Branches now open.

"Why do I always use POND'S, dear?"

Because it is the one pure cream that tones and
nourishes the skin, that keeps the hands soft
and white, and preserves and beautifies the
complexion. It is the safeguard of skin health.

Applied with the finger-tips night and morning,
and just before going out, the cream "vanishes" by
absorption, leaving the skin delightfully perfumed
with the fragrance of Jacqueminot Roses. Free from
grease and stickiness, it never shows on the face,
save in the sense of added charm.

Many beautiful women recommend it, including
Miss Neilson Torry, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss
Constance Collier, and Madame Kirkby Lum.

Of all Chemists and Stores **POND'S—the Original—
Vanishing Cream**, in oval jars with aluminium screw
lids, 1/3 and 2/6.



Vanishing Cream

POND'S EXTRACT CO., (Dept. 36), 77, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADOLPHI. "THE BOY." W. H. BERRY.
Eves, at 8. Mats, Weds, Sat, and Easter Mon, at 8.
AMBASSADORS. LEE WHITE in new song show "US."
Evenings, 8.30. Mats, Mon, Tues, Fri, Sat, 2.45.
APOLLO. Gertie, 8.45. Evenings, at 8. Mats, Tues, Sat,
Easter Mon, 2.30. OIL JOY! New Musical Play.
BEECHAM OPERA HOUSE. DOROTHY LEMON, at 2.
"Magic Flute." To-night, at 8.15. "Samson and Delilah."
Comedy—Evenings, at 8.15.
BURTON. "The Girl in the Red Velvet Shoes." A Musical
Comedy—Mon, 2.15. Eves, 7.45. Mats, W (exc. Ap. 23),
2.15. "School for Scandal." Tues, Mon, 2.30.
CRITERION. Nightly, 8.30. "OUR MR. HEPPLEWHITE."
Mary Moore, A. Winton.
DAYS. Closed. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
Saturday next, 2 and 8. Extra Mat, Easter Monday, at 2.
DECE OF YORK. "THE NEW FROM TROVATO."
Eric Lewis, Iris Hovey. Mats, Tu, Sat, April 21, at 2.30.
GARRICK. Eves, at 8. Mats, Tu, Sat, 2.30. C. B.
Cochran presents Robert Lorraine as Cyrano de Bergerac.
GLOBE. Marie Lohr. 2.15 and 8.15. "ICTORY," by H.
M. Hastings. Mat, Wed, Sat, and Easter Monday, 2.15.
HAYMARKET. Today, 2.30 and 8. "UNCLE SAM."
Mat, Wed, Thu, Sat, and Easter Monday, at 2.30.
HIS MAJESTY'S. (Closed). CHU CHIN CHOW.
Sat, 2.15, 7.30. Mats, Mon, Wed, Thu, Sat, Ap. 22, 2.15.
LONDON PATHE. Eves, 8. Mats, Wed, and Sat, 2.15.
LYRIC. Eves, 8.20. Mat, Wed and Sat, 2.30.
LYRIC. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 7.30. Gerrard 7617.
LYRIC-DOKIS KEANE in "ROMEO AND JULIET."
Evelyn Terry, Eves, 8. Mats, Wed, and Sat, 2.15.
LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH. Eves, 8. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat,
2.30. "ABRAHAM LINCOLN" by John De Witt.
MASKELL'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY. Closed.
Reopen Saturday next at 2 and 8.
NEW. Nightly, at 8. "THE CHINESE PUZZLE." Ethel
Irving, L. Brathwaite, L. M. Lion. Mats, M, Th, Sat, 2.30.
NEW. 3 additional. Eves, 8. Mats, Wed, and Sat, 2.30.
OXFORD. Eves, 8.30. "THE NIGHT WATCH."
Madame Tiberade. Mat, Mon, Wed and Sat, 2.30.
PLAYHOUSE. Nightly, at 8. "THE NAUGHTY WIFE."
Chas. Hastings, Gladys Cooper. Mats, Mon, Tues, 2.30.
PRINCE'S. Sat next, at 8. MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.
Andre Messager's Romantic Comedy Mon, 2.15.
QUEEN'S. WEDDING. "THE HOUSE OF PERIL."
Eves, 8.15. Weds, Sat, and Easter Mon, 2.30.
ROYALTY. 8.15. Mat, Th, Sat, 2.30. "CESA'S WIFE," by
W. S. Maugham. Fay Compton, C. A. Smith, Eva Moore.
ST. JAMES.—George Elton in "EVE." Eves, 8.15.
Sat next, 2.30 and 8.30. Matinee, Wed, Sat, 2.30.
SAVOY. Last week. "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."
Evenings, 8.15. Mats, Today, To-morrow and Sat, 2.30.
SCALA.—MATHESON LANG in "THE PURPLE MASK."
Eves, 8. Mats, Sat, 2.30. "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."
SHAFFESBURY. "YES, UNCLE!" No Performances till
Saturday at 2 and 8. Extra Mat, Easter Monday.
STAND-ARTHUR. BOUCHER in "SANDAL."
Evenings, 8. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat, Easter Mon, 2.30.
ST. DUVILLE.—George Elton in "EVE." Thurs or Fri.
Revue, Margaret Hammerman. Mats, Tu, Th, Sat.
WYNDHAM'S. "THE LAW." A Comedy by H. V.
Edmond. 2.30 and 8.15. Mats, Mon, Tu, W, Sat, 2.30.
ALHAMBRA. Eves, 8. Mats, Wed, Th, Sat, Easter Mon,
2.15. "Ring Boys on Broadway." Last 2 Weeks.

COLISEUM (Ger. 7541)—2.30, 7.45. Godfrey Tearle and
Co., Harry Tate, Florence Smithson, Tom Hearn.
HIPPODROME. London—2.30, 8.30. "JOY-BELLS!"
SHIRLEY KELLOGG, GEO. ROBBY, etc. Ger. 550.
PALACE. "HULLO AMERICA!"
Evenings, at 8. Mon, Wed and Sat, at 2.
PALLADIUM. 2.30, 6, 8.45. Geo. Graves and Co., Harry
Widdon, Poluski, Hilda Glydler, Ernie and Chester.
PICCADILLY CIRCUS. "THE ANTARCTIC." 2.30, 8.15.
GRAFTON GALLERIES. W.E.A.F. Exhibition. "War
in the Air." Guards Band. Daily, 10-6. Sun, 2.30-5.30.
NEW GALLERY. Kinema—Mary Pickford in "Johanna
Gold Bennett" and "Naughty Naughties," etc.
ÆOLIAN HALL. New Bond-st.—To-day, 3, 8.15. Cinema
lecture: "Albany and His Crusaders in Palestine."
QUEEN'S (Small Hall). Ten Dance, 4 p.m. (ds. 6d.).
Evening Dance, 8 p.m. Evg Dress (6s. 6d.). Jazz Band.
PICCADILLY CIRCUS. Pleadingly Hotel, The Dancers, 3.50 p.m.
Evening Dances, 9-12 mid. Tues and Frie, 9-3 a.m.

PERSONAL.

ED.—Love. Thanks. Invite. Longing meet.
WINDY.—Longing for you so. Soon be Friday.—V.
SOUTHERN.—Gratefully received. Please let me write.—R.
SUPERFLOUS. Hair permanently removed from face
with electricity; ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 23,
Granville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush Green, W. 12.
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. The "Buckinghamshire" 5s. 6d. each,
3 for 10s.; edging one inch deep, corners turned.—Mrs.
Armstrong, Lace Industry, Olney, Bucks.
CHIVERS. "Chivers" clean, cheap carpets like new. Sold
everywhere. Sample 2d. stamps.—Chivers, 22, Albany
Works, Bath.

MARKETING BY POST.

ALL ALIVE.—A sample package choice selected Fish, 7th
for 5s. 14th, for 9s. 6d., carriage paid.—The Domestic
Fish Co., Grimsby Docks.
FISH.—Direct from the trawlers, from 5s. upwards,
cleaned and carriage paid; satisfaction guaranteed.—
Nepenthe Fish Supply Co., Grimsby Docks.
FISH.—Parcels, carriage paid, direct from trawlers, from
5s.; cleaned and packing; satisfaction guaranteed.—
Elite Fish Supply Co., Grimsby Docks.
HAMS (Picnic), 6/8 avg. mild, good flavour, is. 4b.
carr. paid.—Steward, 30, Vernon, Liverpool.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH (old), bought—Messrs. Browning
dental manufacturers, 65, Oxford-st., London, W. 1,
the original firm, who do not advertise misleading prices;
call or post and receive full value per return, or offer made
established 100 years.
ARTIFICIAL TEETH (Old) Bought.—Vulcanite up to 7s.
A per tooth; silver, gold, platinum, up to £2; cash or
offers; call or post; mention "Daily Mirror."—Messrs.
Pold, 213, Oxford-st., London. Estd. 150 years.
OLD FINE TEETH. Jewellery, etc.—Highest possible value
given on return offers by return. If not accepted goods re-
turned immediately, post free. Platinum Scrap, £16 per
ounce, and Co., 105, Mark-lane, London.
URGENTLY. Needed.—All kinds Ladies' Gents' cast-
le, clothing; cash sent immediately. Est. 60 years—
Mrs. H. Walker, 106, Rindred-st., Kensington, London.

THE CASE OF THE UNHAPPILY MARRIED.

CAN WE CHECK THE GROWING MATRIMONIAL UNREST.

By "A MARRIED WIDOWER."

This article gives a plain statement of the present position of one of the most debated subjects of the day.

I SPEAK for over a million married people who live apart in this country, and also for those judicially separated, of which there are 14,000 more each year.

During the war hundreds, if not thousands, of our fighting men by land and sea came home wounded, or on leave, to find unfaithful wives. Yet there was no remedy.

Even under the Poor Suitors' Act, solicitors demand as much as £10 down and £2 a month for out-of-pocket expenses whilst putting through a "pauper's" case—and that in slipshod fashion, such as has often roused wrath and protest from the High Court Judges.

There is really no such thing as a "free" divorce, even in the cruellest and most flagrant cases.

All the parties and their witnesses must needs come to London. Even an undefended suit will cost £45; from that figure, expenses slip up the scale to £500, and far beyond.

Here, assuredly, is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

Desertion for years, persistent cruelty, incurable insanity, habitual drunkenness and long terms of penal servitude for felony—none of these things alone will afford complete divorce in this enlightened land.

AGAINST JUDICIAL SEPARATION.

Yet in Scotland a desertion law has been in force since 1573.

Hence the present unrest and new clamour among the "incompatibles" and the separated, whose tragic plight was considered for three years (1909-12) by a Royal Commission under Lord Gorell, the veteran President of the Divorce Court.

The Majority Report (nine out of twelve) found that "permanent judicial separation is an unnatural and unsatisfactory remedy, leading to evil consequences." And desertion for three years or more was recommended as good ground for freedom.

Soon the Houses of Parliament had their Marriage Law Reform Committee, including men so diverse as Lord Burnham and Labour members like Mr. W. C. Anderson.

Sir Conan Doyle conducted a crusade for the Divorce Law Reform Union, and Lady Muir Mackenzie championed the soldier's "unmarried wife," asking: "Why do we consent at this late period of our history to have our lives darkened by medieval conceptions and ecclesiastical mysticism?"

Meetings were held in that famous forum, the Free Trade Hall of Manchester, and street petitions in that city, calling for parliamentary action, had 8,000 signatures appended in a few hours.

The great war, with all its upheaval, added to the tangled confusion and misery of those wedded lives; and at length a Bill was mooted with two main proposals.

MARRIAGES LIVED UPON EARTH.

The first decreed that all separations should, after three years, dissolve the marriage, provided there was no cohabitation meanwhile. The second point was to enable parties separated by mutual agreement to petition for absolute divorce after the same period.

Lawyers like Sir George Lewis and Lord Buckmaster, magistrates like Mr. Cecil Chapman, doctors like Sir Malcolm Maurice, soldiers like Lord Grenfell, and Labour M.P.s like Mr. Will Crooks of Poplar—all these supported Lord Sydenham's deputation to the Home Secretary.

But what is it that blocks the way? The opposition of the Church. A memorial, signed by the Primate and his Bishops, vetoed any change whatsoever in the law, and denounced the parliamentary proposals.

"Ecclesiastics hold," says the Rev. Silas Hocking—himself a fearless reformer—"that it is better to live in open sin than that the marriage tie should be broken!"

Now marriages may indeed be made in heaven—but they are lived upon earth by frail and erring creatures, of whom a million or more in England alone have drifted apart from their wedded mates in hopeless hostility.

George Meredith, the novelist—a man who was unhappy in his choice of a first wife, urged a "probationary" marriage for three years, and Lecky, the historian, was equally bold in experiment.

Such marital adventures as these may be inexpedient or impossible; but assuredly relief must be forthcoming for the vast army of wedded folk, whose normal lives are marred by discord or tragedy.

MORE OUTDOOR GAMES FOR WOMEN.

GIRLS WHO WILL MISS THEIR WAR-WORK SPORTS.

By AN EX-MUNITION GIRL.

BEFORE I went into war work in a large factory I was a weakling. I had never played more than a mild game of lawn tennis and, honestly, I didn't care for that much.

And then there came the war, and, as my mother said, jolted me out into life. I joined up with a large factory and at first I simply loathed it.

The girls seemed rough and rude, and when they began to talk of playing football I was simply disgusted. I imagined that they were going to play against men, and I didn't see how any girl could do that.

But I soon found that they were only going to play amongst themselves—and every girl was expected to have a try, at any rate, and see what she could do.

I point blank refused at first. Football didn't seem to me at all a game that girls should play. But, anyway, I was induced to play a trial game and, to my surprise, I found myself enjoying it.

I am certain the exercise did me good, but after a while I came to the conclusion that football was too rough for any except the most robust girls.

So, then, finding football too strenuous, I took up hockey. And I fell in love with it.

Given a certain amount of coaching and taught the judicious use of the stick—without which tuition there might be accidents—surely any girl can play hockey and enjoy it. Fortified and strengthened by my winter sports, then in the summer I went back to tennis and found myself playing quite a decent game and acting as unofficial coach to the other girls.

Of course, we couldn't play very much as our work in the factory was hard, but we did manage a little time in the evenings and on our half-holidays. And now that I am demobilised how I shall miss these games I had with my cheery good-natured "mates."

And that brings me to a point I have been considering.

Is the physical recreation of woman still to be provided for?

Facilities of every kind were provided by factories and workshops. It was part of their duty to us, the employees.

But consider now. We are all being gradually disbanded. Those factories and their jolly sports will soon mean a thing of the past. And the girls who loved the games they had enjoyed for the first time, is nothing going to be done for them?

That, surely, should be a matter for authority—Government or municipal. Entertainment as well as education centres should be provided in every district.

What I have seen during my war work in a factory tells me that a good player is a good worker.



SOLDIER STUDENTS.—Professor Wallace lecturing to a class of Canadians at Edinburgh. They are learning the technical side of agriculture.

WHEN TOURISTS THROG THE TRENCHES.

WILL THE SIGHTSEERS UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY MEAN?

By SAPPER F. HEATHCOTE BRIANT

BATTLEFIELD touring will become popular as soon as travel restrictions and passport regulations are relaxed.

Organisers of Continental tours are already busy planning itineraries, engaging guides and designing posters of the most picturesque ruins.

Motor-car camping parties have been suggested with poor shell-shattered Miramont nestling on the Ancre banks as headquarters. An American syndicate has sent its experts to survey Ypres and Arras for sites for monster hotels, whilst souvenir-making is becoming quite an industry among the peasants of Picardy.

It is presumably only human nature to want to visit the scenes of the gigantic struggles on the Western front, to walk over ground made familiar by reiteration in official reports, to stand in the battered trenches and to try and visualise the life we led during those four years of agony.

And yet— I wish it were not so. The battlefields belong to the men who lived, fought and died there. Intensely as I hate and loathe every inch of that blood-soaked line from Neuport to La Fere, I do not want it despoiled by trippers on holiday bent.

I cannot bear to think of the Devil's Mile that runs from Shrapnel Corner to where Zillebeke once stood as the happy rendezvous of char-a-bancs; of laughing crowds at Monquet Farm; of morbid sightseers among the unknown graves at Thiépval.

I suppose fishing and boating parties will spend joyous days on the lake near Diebusch—a battalion of the finest men England

produces withered and perished there—but the trippers will not know.

Skyscraper hotels in Ypres! The ruins ought to be dedicated to the warriors who have died in the salient and kept in their present condition as a lasting memorial to the bestiality of war.

But instead there will be cheap cafés, vendors of spurious souvenirs and picture-postcards, and all the other gaudy attractions for tourist feeing.

Perhaps the pill-boxes near Boesinghe will become centres for picnic-parties. Two hundred men died for their possession—but will the luncheon-parties care?

Perhaps a cinema will spring up by Trones Wood. I have seen war-tried soldiers bare their heads when passing through those few mangled stumps, but then they knew what that stronghold cost the 18th Division, but the trippers will not know.

My clutch was killed at Bedford House, close by Voormezelle. We buried him in the once glorious gardens attached to the mansion and planted a red rambling rose at his head. The ground is sacred to the signallers of the 55th Brigade—but if the sightseers do not know this they will doubtless be interested when the guide indicates the place as one of the pre-war residences of an owner of a Derby winner.

Camera devotees will be busy along the quiet reaches of the Crozat Canal. I wonder whether during their picture-making their thoughts will ever go back to that evil-memoried March 21st.

The battlefields have been tidied up by the troops who were not included in the divisions forming the Army of Occupation, and many of the trenches and shell holes have been filled in. The days of peace will have nothing to show that will remotely resemble the conditions that prevailed during the years of war.

But I am afraid the trippers will go just the same.

HOW THE BRITISH DISCOVERED ENGLAND.

WHAT THE WAR HAS TAUGHT US ABOUT HOLIDAYS.

By T. MICHAEL POPE.

Easter holiday-makers will find near at hand as interesting a country as any in the world.

ONE of the results of the war has been that the British people have made a new discovery. They have discovered England.

Before 1914 England was one of the favourite holiday resorts of tourists from other countries. Stratford-on-Avon had become one of the most-prized colonies of the United States. The Isle of Wight was the happy hunting-ground of the Huns.

When the war broke out, however, things assumed a changed complexion. The globe-trotter was doomed. Railway services were restricted, cheap excursions disappeared, fares went up.

Those of us whom such places as Margate or Great Yarmouth failed to attract—and, in any case, the attractions of the East Coast towns during the raid period were not apparent—were in the habit of spending our holidays in the South of France, or the Riviera, or among the soft splendours of the Italian lakes.

Then, suddenly, these accustomed avenues of enjoyment were cut off from us. There remained only one country to explore. Fortunately, it had the fascination of being unknown territory.

So we set out on our voyage of discovery—with surprising results.

FROM A TRAIN WINDOW.

We discovered, for instance, that in the very heart of Surrey, within thirty miles of London town, there was scenery that could rival in its grandeur and magnificence the very finest in the world.

We visited Box Hill, hallowed to all book-lovers by its memories of Meredith. We went to Shere, that perfect paradise of artists. We inhaled the fresh, clean, pine-scented air of Haslemere.

Or we travelled—the more daring of us—farther afield.

For the first time we became acquainted with some of those quaint and old-world cathedral cities which are among the peculiar glories of this country.

We learned to appreciate what Henry James has so felicitously described as "the sweet perfection of Salisbury," or the rugged strength of Exeter.

And there were tiny Sussex villages with white, winding lanes, where the birds seemed to be always singing, and trellised cottages and seductive wayside inns.

You may remember that Robert Louis Stevenson once contended that some of the finest scenery in the world could be seen from the window of a railway train.

I range myself on the side of that great master of English prose. What scene could be more satisfying to the eye than those green rolling downs through which the traveller passes on his way from Eastbourne to Brighton?

DICKENS' SCENES.

Or, if you take Brighton as a centre, a twenty minutes' train journey will take you to the lovely little village of Bramber, where, if you be of the angling fraternity, you may play your hook in the quiet waters of the Arun.

Few counties, for instance, are so crowded with associations, both literary and historic, as Kent—appropriately termed "the garden of England."

It was in a Kentish village that Stephen, the weakest of all our Kings, breathed his last. It was to a small Kentish seaside town that the poet-painter Rossetti retired to die, and the Celtic cross in the churchyard that marks his last resting-place has been for many years the goal of many a pious pilgrimage.

Or, again, Rochester—with its memories of Dickens. I can never enter Rochester Cathedral without recalling the immortal epitaph to the memory of the wife of Mr. Grevious, familiar to all readers of "Edwin Drood," or lunch at The Leather Bottle at Cobham without invoking the portly shade of Mr. Pickwick.

So the passion for England grew upon us. As St. Paul proudly boasted that he was a citizen of no mean city—owing, as he did, an allegiance to eternal Rome—we, too, could boast that we were natives of no mean State.

The preservation of this little island home of ours has entailed a terrible sacrifice of blood and treasure. As one of our soldier-poets has put it—

"We have covered half the earth with gore That our houses might be homes once more." But we know to-day that it was worth the price.

SUIT ANY FACE.

ALL LIMERICK COMES OUT ON STRIKE.

WOMEN



Touque enriched with black silk ribbon to give a cap-and-hell effect. The ribbon is wired and pulled into shape to suit the face. To give height the bows should be elongated and slightly flattened.



Business is at a standstill, and gas and electric light are cut off at Limerick as the result of a general strike in protest against the town being proclaimed a special military area. The photograph shows a military guard on the city border examining a pass.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Mrs. Wilma L. Constable, is the principal of the National Church, Sheffield. William A. Constable.



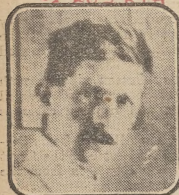
Mrs. Bolitho, who is the wife of Rev. Herbert Bolitho, has now accepted a position at the National Church, Sheffield.



They have just been excavated.



GRAVEDIGGERS ON STRIKE.—An extraordinary state of affairs exists at South Shields where the gravediggers are out on strike. Relatives have to bury their own dead and fill in the grave after the service.



RESEARCH WORK.—Dr. Scott Macfie, who is to receive the Mary Kingsley Medal for his research work in West Africa.



R.R.O. — Sister Mary Wintle, Cheltenham, who has been awarded the Royal Red Cross and twice mentioned.



CROSSING THE BUNS.—The machine does a dozen a time, the old-time shillingsworth. It was announced yesterday that there would be no Easter strike.



—By boys of the Bedford Modern College.

"NOISY" EFFIGIES.—Two life-sized effigies, of the 17th century, which, so the story says, frightened the villagers of Millbrook, Bedfordshire, with weird noises.



BOY GIVES BRIDE AWAY.—Susan Linguist, a widow, aged seventy-four, of Hull, and the boy of fourteen, who gave her away at her third wedding.



"DEMOBBED."—Lingham, Kent tenant-colonel of four.



Lady Carrick HOSTESSES.—at

MINISTERS

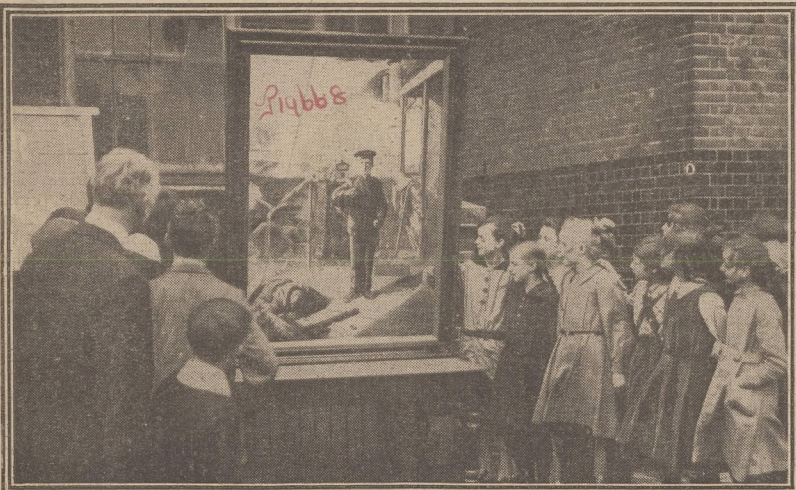


Graduate of Edinburgh Crookes Congregation husband is the Rev. they are co-pastors.



for her husband, the he was in the Army, Listerhills Congregation Bradford.

BOY BUGLER WHO DIED AT HIS POST.



Pupils at the Napier-road School, Gillingham, looking at the portrait of Bugler Charles Ernest Timmins, R.M.L.I., an old boy. He was killed sounding his bugle for action in the "scrap" in Heligoland Bight on November 7, 1917, when only fourteen. —(Daily Mirror photograph.)

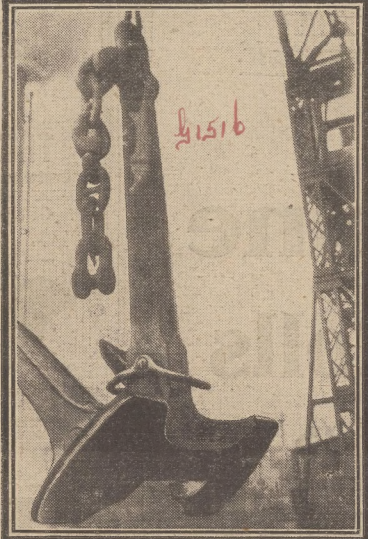
'DIVINE MESSAGES'



Miss May McCarthy, a domestic servant, of Amersham, who on four occasions has fallen into "trances," varying from thirty-two hours to four-teen hours, during which she states she has received divine messages.



A PASSOVER CUSTOM.—When the Passover cake is broken, a piece is hidden by the parents, and this is sought for eagerly by the children as a prize when they come down in the morning.



One of the great anchors now salvaged.



NATIONAL HEALTH.—Lady Oliver announces that the British Red Cross Society has arranged a new child-welfare programme.

CHAPLAIN.—The Rev. C. S. Woodward, M.A., appointed Chaplain to the King in room of the new Bishop of Worcester.



J. Selby, of Gillingham private to lieutenant battalion, was wounded.



Mad Swaythling. act in this capacity dance.



A KASHMIRI LOVE STORY.—Miss Doris Barrington, who presents a stage setting of "On Jhelum River" at the Comedy Theatre to-day.



H.M.S. TIGER'S ANCHORS.—It took six days to trace the anchors of this great battlecruiser, which were lost when she broke from her moorings.



THE 51st DIVISION.—The King's colour and the regimental colour of the 1/7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders arrive at Stirling Station.

"It's just like getting Butter by the pound!"

Come to Pearks for the Margarine of Butter Quality. You will enjoy it! In its tempting colour and appearance, in its perfection of purity, and above all in its delicious flavour Pearks Margarine is the one real rival to finest country butter. And Pearks Margarine has this big advantage even over butter—

You can buy it in pounds instead of ounces—and the price is less than half.

Pearks Margarine

in

Fresh Rolls

per **1/-** lb.

Take a pound of Pearks Margarine home with you today, and you will never again be satisfied with inferior brands.

You can also buy
Pearks Margarine
per **8^d** lb.

Unsurpassed for Value

Pearks Stores

Over 400 Branches throughout the Kingdom

Meadow Dairy Co., Ltd.

ACTED LIKE A CHARM



Olive May
Matthews, of Tooting.

Eczema Permanently Banished by Zam-Buk

"MY daughter, Olive May, suffered dreadfully from eczema," says Mrs. Matthews, 11, Beral Road, Tooting, London, S.W. "Unsightly places broke out on Olive's leg, and also behind her ear and on her chin. Besides being very painful, they soaked the bandages, and made the child miserable.

"After trying in vain to heal Olive's sores with lotions and ordinary ointment, I took her in succession to three doctors, but their preparations also quite failed to cure the eczema.

"Then my husband heard about Zam-Buk, so I tried a box of this herbal skin balm. Zam-Buk, to our delight, soothed Olive's angry sores, and seemed to charm away the inflammation and pain. I dressed the sore places regularly with this magic Zam-Buk, and I am delighted to say that it healed every sore and gave Olive a clear, healthy skin."

To-day, 2 Years Later, Mrs. Matthews writes:—"Olive's skin is still beautifully clear and healthy, and there have been no signs of the sores reappearing. Zam-Buk certainly surpassed my husband's wildest hopes as much as it surprised me."

Zam-Buk

Zam-Buk is the skin's best friend and has a wonderful record in curing Eczema, Bad Legs, Ringworm, Piles, Poisoned Wounds, Rashes, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, &c. Zam-Buk is obtainable of all Chemists, Drug Stores, &c., or from the Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds. 1s. 3d. and 3s. a box.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEALER.

A GENUINE BEAUTIFIER.

"Every lady who values her complexion and the appearance of her hands should know of the wonderful value of



Strodonia
VANISHING CREAM

(The above is one of many thousands of enthusiastic testimonials received.)

This Ideal non-greasy Skin Food contains Boracic, Oatmeal and Witch Hazel. Ask chemists for it. Jars 7½d. and 1/-, or send 2d. extra postage to

STRODE COSH & PENFOLD, Broadmead, Bristol.

10,000 PAIRS MANUFACTURER'S STOCK 5/6

Having purchased 10,000 pairs of Ladies' Shoes, we are able to make the following offer. They are usually sold at 7/11. We are clearing them at 5/6. Sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7. These Shoes have a Leather Sole, with Old Gold Lining, and are suitable for indoor or light outdoor wear. Size size required.

SEND TO DEPT. (D.M.)
JOHNSON,
32, South Albion Street,
LEICESTER.



6d.
extra
postage

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

For nearly 60 Years has had the recommendation of

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Foster Clark's

Improve your meal by serving these Soups daily—12 varieties—each kind distinct and every one good. You Simply add Water.

2^d SOUPS



P.S.S.D.
Lady Norah Hastings will act at a Palace matinee in aid of Waifs and Strays.



P.S.S.D.
Charming new picture of Lady Beauchamp, wife of Sir Frank Beauchamp.

PREMIER'S SECRET.

Unusual Easter House-Parties—Coal Miners in Luck's Way.

How THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, always too small, will accommodate nearly 700 members to-day I do not know. But every M.P. who can will be there to hear Mr. Lloyd George's statement. It is not supposed that the Prime Minister will disclose many secrets of the Big Four; but his speech is sure to be a gripping pronouncement.

His Reply.

The Prime Minister is likely to speak very strongly in reply to his critics both in and out of Parliament. He is in excellent health, and those who have been attacking him in the House are not happy in the prospect.

The Voyager.

Mr. Lloyd George is a good sailor, and though he had a rough passage he arrived in London very fit and in high spirits. Within half an hour of his arrival at Downing-street he had dined and was in consultation with Mr. Bonar Law.

Cabinet Meetings.

As several points of importance remain to be settled at the Paris Conference he goes back again to-morrow. Yesterday he was busy all day at meetings of the Cabinet.

Father and Daughter.

Miss Megan Lloyd George is home for the holidays, and to her great triumph and joy was the first to greet her father when he arrived at 10, Downing-street.

"Tiger" Ill.

I am sorry to hear from Paris that M. Clemenceau is not at all well. He is still suffering from the effects of the recent shock to his system.

"Chinks" in Ships.

Among seamen the feeling against shipping Chinese crews in British craft is growing. Mr. Bonar Law is to be asked to receive a deputation on the subject.

M.P. for U.S.A.?

Mr. Townyn Jones has been invited by the International Chautauques of America to lecture in the United States from July to September. If he goes the reporters will have the time of their lives, for he is a rapid-fire, high-velocity speaker.

Officers' Income-Tax.

I hear of much, and, it appears, just dissatisfaction among officers over the continued delay in refunding Income-Tax wrongly deducted from their gratuities. "Rotten shame!" is not perhaps too strong a description of this official dilatoriness.

And Officers' Employment.

A "demolished" field officer—public school and all the rest of it—tells me that on applying for civil employment he was offered a choice of jobs as cost clerk, engineer's fitter and assistant master in a deaf and dumb school. He is still "unsuited."

V.A.D. Brassards.

This is official. V.A.D. nurses who wish to do so may retain their brassards as mementoes of their war work, but they must not attempt to wear them, and the War Office stamp must be obliterated. Why not let them wear their brassards on ceremonial occasions if they like, just for memories of the old days?

A Ghost.

Last the other night, for one startled moment, I thought I was back in the 'nineties. Loitering along the quiet road came a ghost from the past—a prowling hansom! From the muffled figure on the dicky I heard the once-familiar "Keb, sir?"

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

The Queen's Bank Holiday.

The Queen is to spend Bank Holiday in opening the Princess Alice Home for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors at Slough. The home is in a mansion called Upton Towers, standing in extensive grounds on the Dutch Road, and I hear Princess Alice has been working hard for many weeks past to get it ready.

Shop-Gazing.

Taking my walks in Bond-street the other afternoon I saw Princess Marie Louise, quite unattended, looking in at the shop windows like any ordinary promenader. She wore a black fur coat, fit for this treacherous April.

A Portent.

In the thoroughfare just mentioned I also saw a far less attractive sight. It was a tall hat, spilling from him to crown, like those worn by comic Frenchmen in cartoons. Let us hope the returning "topper" will not come in such a questionable shape.

Hindenburg's "New Army."

I find among experts a general disposition to doubt the Czecho-Slovak story which has reached Paris about Hindenburg's new army. The opinion seems to be that in the present disturbed condition of Germany Hindenburg could not collect a big following, and in any case could not conceal its existence.

House-Party Picnics.

House-parties are being revived for Easter, but not as we knew them in the days before the war. Intimates only will be invited; and these will be warned that they will have to rough it, owing to difficulties with servants and food supplies.

The Non-Paying Kaiser.

We all knew that the ex-Kaiser was no sportsman. I was told in a theatrical and



P.S.S.D.
Miss Grace Herbert-Armstrong to be married shortly to Lieut. Woodhouse.



P.S.S.D.
Miss Julia Bruns, who is new to London, will appear at the Savoy on Monday.

sporting club the other day that this meanness of monarchs still owes C. Foy, the jockey, his riding fee for the last time that he rode in the Imperial colours.

Quick Work.

Mr. George Arthurs, the dramatic author, has no kick against the Passport Department, so often charged with dilly-dallying. Suddenly deciding to go to the States on Wednesday last, he applied for his passports on Thursday and obtained them on Saturday all present and correct.

The Play-Finder.

Mr. Arthurs, who sails on Easter Monday, tells me that he is going to look around for some new plays and things while he is in New York. In this he is the emissary of Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard.

The "Continong" Again.

Many M.P.s are making arrangements for a short stay abroad, the first since the war began. Mr. E. A. Strauss, whom I met, tells me he is bound for the South of France.

The Stage Society.

There was quite a flutter of excitement yesterday when Mr. Leon Quartermaine turned up to make one of the audience at the Incorporated Stage Society's production of "The Faithful." All sorts of people went up to congratulate him on his "Mercutio." Amongst the others present were Miss Violet Loraine and Mr. G. B. Shaw.

"The Faithful."

"The Faithful" is a Japanese tragedy by Mr. John Masefield. The dreary theme of a vendetta is treated in a series of interminable speeches, which are not relieved by any moments of beauty. Mr. Hubert Carter and Mr. Lawrence Hanray gave us the best of the acting. The audience were requested on the programme to be faithful to the end.

British Films for Canada.

From Vancouver comes a letter complaining that there are too many American moving pictures shown in Canadian cinemas. "We want British films and the best of your actors and actresses," says my correspondent.

Censor Censored.

In the Provincial Parliament of British Columbia, my informant adds, the Cinema Censor was taken to task for allowing so much Stars and Stripes in the picture-houses. His excuse was that the British film houses had not been producing so much during the war. Wake up, Wardour-street!

The "Dazzle" Craze.

A friend yesterday showed me her drawing-room—that was. The "furniture" consisted of a gramophone and "dazzle" cushions heaped about the floor. The change, she told me, was for the benefit of her friends, all eager jazzers and tangos. The effect was fine, but I experienced some difficulty in preserving my dignity, sitting on a cushion and trying to balance my teacup.

Good-bye to the Drawing-Room.

As I hinted some time ago, the drawing-room, as we remember it, has had its day. Many friends, having installed a Chesterfield and a few roomy and restful chairs, now allude to the "lounge," while the "jazzery" is the name bestowed on the ci-devant drawing-room, where the younger set have worked their will.

Kitchen Steps Taboo.

A friend succeeded in being engaged by two maids the other day. After all was apparently settled, one announced she hoped the maids could use the front door for themselves and friends. Another war-"area"!

Back to Blighly.

Blackheath supporters will learn with interest that the captain of the club, Colonel W. D. Craven, is back in England. His souvenirs of the war are a D.S.O. and a severe wound.

Home from the East.

Pedestrians in Villiers-street lately have been rather startled by a sight only too familiar during the fighting—a long line of Red Cross wagons drawn up alongside Charing Cross Station. I have learnt the explanation. They are intended for the invalids from eastern theatres of war, who could not be brought over to Blighly while the submarine still infested the seas.

A Record.

Knowing that I like hearing about records, Mr. Mihigan, of Brixton, writes to tell me that his little girl Kathleen, having won a



P.S.S.D.
Mrs. Frederick Montagu, whose husband was on the Staff for four years.



P.S.S.D.
Miss Mona Vivian to appear in a new scene in "As You Were," at the Pavilion.

London County Council scholarship, makes the fourth daughter of his house and heart to achieve this feat. He thinks this constitutes a record. Does it?

Another Theatrical Record.

A correspondent tells me that Mr. Sydney Compton has played the same part, namely, Brassett, the scout, in "Charley's Aunt" for fourteen consecutive years without a break, save for holidays. Does any wearer of the grease-paint claim to beat this record?

The Choice.

Mr. Robert Williams, of the Transport Workers' Federation, says: "We must now all choose between Karl Marx and Winston Churchill." So now we know where we are!

Trouble in the Orchestra?

This is from the Agony Column of a morning paper, and seems to indicate some tragedy: "Enid—I absolutely refuse to play second fiddle.—Meg." THE RAMBLER.

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F.104.

A SLIP OF A GIRL

By **SIDNEY WARWICK.**

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Peter Latham, artist, thought it time he started doing a little work. The inspiration came to him in a wood at Heatherette. He would paint a picture of the Sleeping Beauty.

Then it was the Sleeping Beauty appeared in person. There was a caravan in the wood. It had two occupants. One was Peter, the other was Miss Patricia Chance, a young actress, who was holiday-making.

A happy accident makes Peter acquainted with the caravan. The susceptible young man loses his heart to Pat. One day she disappears—Joan appears, and all to return, however, with a picture which she was going to post in the dragon's mouth—their old "post office."

Only this time they meet as lovers. Pat had injured her ankle, and Peter carries her to the cottage of Mrs. Timson, afterwards summoning Joan to her assistance. He sleeps in the caravan.

THE SUNDIAL TELLS FORTUNES.

PETER did not have a good night in the caravan.

He was awakened about 2 a.m. with a sense of suffocation, to find that his namesake was curled up asleep on his chest. Peter II. seemed to think it was hard luck after this proof of his affection to be bundled with such scant ceremony to the floor.

Then he couldn't get off to sleep again because of two owls, that for no reason apparently but sheer "cussedness," as it seemed to him, were hooting mournfully in the depths of the wood. And when he was at last dropping off, Peter II. made him exasperatedly wide-awake again by growling savagely in his sleep, as though he were having a realistic fight in his dreams and had just pinned his antagonist by the throat.

"And Pat and Joan really seem to enjoy this caravan business," Peter reflected to himself—"it beats me why!"

He fell off to sleep again at last, just as dawn was breaking, and didn't open his eyes until long after eight o'clock.

William, who had been tethered near the van through the night, looked up expectantly as Peter emerged—and seemed to think it was Peter's sole reason d'être to valet him and give him his breakfast.

Peter was always shattering William's illusions.

"You're a jolly sight too fat, Bill," he said, with mild disapproval—"and further you seem to think you're the only person on the map. I'm going to take you back to the farmer who's been boarding you, and tell him to knock off some of your oats. Come along, I'm in a hurry, if you aren't!"

He and Mrs. Timson's two unexpected guests of last night were to breakfast together at nine, and he had none too much time. William hadn't forgotten his lesson of last night. He accompanied the tyrant meekly.

The two Peters did the last quarter of a mile at a sprint, and reached the cottage as the clock was trembling on the stroke of ten. It was rather wonderful to the boy to think that he was going to Pat this morning, her acknowledged lover.

He peeped in through the open casement window to see Pat sitting in the big armchair, the enchantingly pretty face radiant and alight as she looked up quickly at the sound of his foot steps. Joan was in the room, too—but Joan had an incomparable gift of tact. She slipped out and left them alone together for five precious minutes before Mrs. Timson came bustling in with the breakfast things.

The swelling on Pat's ankle had partly gone down, but her foot was still too painful to be put to the ground.

Patricia by request presided at the head of the table, and dispensed tea from the big Britannia metal teapot that almost came for two hands to lift it; and Peter, as he watched her, found it delightful to reflect how through the countless breakfasts in the years to come she would pour out tea for him.

"How did you enjoy your night in the caravan?" asked Joan.

"Oh, so-so," Peter said without enthusiasm. "Peter II. had a nightmare somewhere about two in the morning, and a couple of owls, in some good way especially one with a deep bass. Still I worried through. I should have been happier, of course, if I could have dispatched those owls to their last long run. It beats me that you seem to miss 'em a bit serenading you. Women are run!"

"But you don't mind hearing yourself playing a penny whistle—and I never called you run!" Patricia flung at him gaily across her teacup.

"Oh, you didn't know me well enough on the one occasion you heard me," Peter retorted. "We hadn't been properly introduced—and so you didn't feel justified in doing more than merely heave a shoe at me!"

Suddenly he became aware that behind him an astonished Mrs. Timson had entered with a fresh tray of toast in time to hear of Pat's scandalous doings.

"Tearing my reputation to rags like that before Mrs. Timson!" Pat said severely, as the door closed again.

Owls or no owls, Peter would have to spend another night in the van, because it was clear that Pat must not attempt any walking for the present.

She spent most of the day sitting out in the pleasant cottage garden, drowsy with its scents of old-fashioned flowers and the murmurous drone of bees, under the white clouds drifting slowly across the sky.

Peter had brought an armful of gaily-coloured

cushions from the caravan. Pat leaned back against them, with her foot propped up, "for all the good it does me," she said, "and I don't mind, 'gout,' as she said; her white frock, that she was wearing because it was Peter's favourite, was flecked with splashes of shadow and sunlight—dancing shadows that played bewilderingly over her hair."

Close behind her stood the crumbling pillar of a sundial, ancient and lichen-stained. It made a charming background for Pat, the boy thought, the contrast of age and youth. The sundial looked so old that one would hardly have been surprised to see wrinkles on its brass face, with its carved date of nearly two centuries ago.

Peter made a pretence of painting—but it wasn't much more than a lay pretence—and watched the play of sunlight on her hair, that was as if some fairy godmother at her christening had powdered it with gold-dust, and felt he could never hope to catch the elusive, enchanting trick of it for his picture of the Sleeping Princess.

"You know, I shall have to sell this picture of you, Pat," he said, suddenly.

"But that's a foolishness—because we want that picture to go out into the world and make you famous."

But, all the same, I shall feel horribly jealous of anyone else hanging your portrait on their walls," said the boy so fervently that Pat laughed.

"Then you aren't sorry, Peter, after a night to think it over, that you agreed to—take me on tour?"

A little half-wistful note had crept into her voice, as she referred again to her enigmatical words of last night.

"Of course, it was all a little puzzling and mysterious, what Pat had said about obstacles and difficulties in the way of their happiness—difficulties that she must face alone. But, if he couldn't have trusted her, he wouldn't deserve his good luck."

The thought of these difficulties exercised Patricia's mind much more than his. Late last night, after he had gone, she and Joan had had a serious talk. Joan had half-wondered whether Peter would not best to tell her outright what must seem so mysterious to him.

But Pat had shaken her head decidedly.

She hated having any secrets from him—only she could not tell Peter the reason why at first, when she had found that she was beginning to care, she had run away from him.

"It will all come right in the end—it must come right," she had said to Joan. "And when Peter knows everything he'll understand and won't blame me."

Peter relighted his pipe and threw the match at two white butterflies dancing over Mrs. Timson's sweet peas. Pat stretched out one arm lazily towards the sundial, a rounded arm pinker outlined almost to the shoulder beneath the clinging, half-transparent white sleeve; her fingers traced dreamily the quaint, incised lettering inscribed by some long-dead craftsman on the brass face.

"Sometimes shadow—sometimes sun—but love always."

"It's as if we were telling us our fortunes—what our life together is to be," Pat said. "This part, anyway," the boy responded, as he covered her hand with his, and guided the slender fingers round the last two deep-cut words on the stained brass. "I think this sundial is going to be a jolly good prognostic."

"Peter," she said suddenly—"but we'll always be pals, as well as lovers, won't we? You know I want you both always—Peter the good pal, as well as the Peter who loves me."

"But you've always had both," said Peter, his hand tightening on hers. "And I always shall—I know that, and I'm glad. You see, Peter, as a child I never seemed to have any boys or girls to play with; and then I was educated at a convent school abroad until not so long ago," she said—and it struck him again how little really he knew of Pat or her people. "And—because my people have queer old-fashioned ideas, I suppose—I never really had a boy pal until I knew you."

"And it was only by the merest chance I came to Heatherette at all. It was a toss-up whether I should go to Devonshire—and if I had I should never have met you. It turns me cold to think of it!" cried Peter. Pat laughed. "Oh, but it had to be. It was kismet, Peter, the something in you calling me into the world to something in me. . . . I should hate to think of anything else."

Which, when one comes to think of it, was a very reasonable view to take.

Her reference to her people made him say suddenly: "Your people, Pat—you've never spoken of them."

The laughing face seemed to grow a shade graver. Her eyes looked past him across the sunlit garden.

"My mother died almost too long ago for me to remember her. My father is living, but he is not in England now."

It almost seemed as though for some reason Patricia rather hesitated about speaking of her father. . . . perhaps for the same reason that had made her keep one secret from Peter.

Her eyes had strayed back to the inscription on the worn brass face, as though she was reading their future there.

Sometimes Shadow . . .

But the sunlight was full on the dial now. Time enough to think of the shadows when the sun was gone.

THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

TWO days of complete rest found Patricia's foot almost well again.

She and Peter were to motor over that afternoon to the eight-miles distant town on the important errand of buying an engagement ring. Peter had sent a wire to a firm there that had

motor cars for hire, instructing them to send over the best they had on the premises.

The car turned up early in the afternoon. Its driver was to remain behind in Heatherette until their return, since Peter proposed driving the car himself.

He was a little surprised to find that Patricia seemingly knew as much about motor cars as he did. . . . or, rather, was not surprised, because she seemed to have a gift of doing most things. She drove really well—which was perhaps fortunate, considering the speed she insisted on making along the deserted highway when she took the wheel.

"Peter, I'm going to let her rip," Pat said, with dancing eyes. "Do you mind?"

It appeared that Peter did not. And the speed limits became as things of naught.

They took the longest, most roundabout way possible to Cranford, enjoying the thrill of the rush through the quiet country roads and basking the colour to Pat's cheek and excitement to her eyes.

They spent nearly an hour at the chief jeweller's shop in the town, making the momentous choice; and Pat came out into the sunlit street looking very proud of the half-hoop of diamonds and sapphires that gleamed on her "engaged" finger.

Sapphires had been Peter's choice, because they were giving the colour of her eyes.

In the cool of the evening they drove back to Heatherette, to be in time for dinner at the caravan.

Outside the Rose and Crown, as they drove down the village street, another motor car was standing—a beautiful, spick-and-span green-enamelled car, that made their own look woefully shabby.

"Someone of wealth that's little short of a public scandal is evidently honouring our humble village with his presence," was Peter's comment. "Ripping car, isn't it? That's the sort of car I'm going to buy for you, Thingummy dear, when people are tumbling over themselves to buy my pictures and make my banking account corpulent beyond the dreams of avarice."

He drove to the edge of the wood, to the nearest point from which Patricia could walk to the caravan.

Already the twilight was closing in, soft filmy veils falling over the world. Away through the trees a speck of light gleamed, through the deepening forest shadows from the old ship's lantern alight by the caravan door.

Peter helped Pat down, and would have escorted her as far as the clearing, but she demurred.

"We're late as it is, Peter—and Joan will bless us if the dinner's spoilt. I'll go on alone."

Peter had to drive back to the inn before dinner, to find and settle up with the man who was

to take back the car to Cranford. "Sure you'll be all right?"

"Oh, I'll try not to meet with any alarming adventures between here and the caravan!"

Right-o. Give Joan my love and say that, if I'm not there in ten minutes you're to start dinner without me."

Peter jumped into the car again. He paused to watch Pat enter the wood. The slim white figure turned to blow him a kiss before the winding shadowy path among the trees swallowed her up, and then Peter drove off to the Rose and Crown.

Patricia made her way eagerly through the wood in all the pride of her new possession. "Joan," she cried, "here I am!" as fast as she could would let her—the sprain was not quite healed yet. "Joan!" See what I've brought to show you!"

Then her eager steps stopped suddenly dead. At the edge of the clearing she had caught sight of Joan—but not alone. With her was a man of perhaps seven or eight and twenty, in a long motor-coat—and Pat knew suddenly why that green car outside the Rose and Crown had looked familiar.

But she had never associated it with this man. . . . one of the last people in the world she could have wished to see down at Heatherette.

Rather a handsome man, most people would have said of this unexpected visitor at the caravan, but the dark, undeniably good-looking face was marred by the somewhat supercilious look it habitually wore, and there was a hint of latent cruelty about the thin lips. Joan's face looked a trifle anxious.

"So here you are at last, Pat!" the man cried, as he came forward smilingly at the sight of her. "I've found you out, you see—and I've got a bone to pick with you. . . . hiding away like this from the man you're engaged to!"

Patricia's face had gone a little white. But almost at once she had pulled herself together from the first shock of what seemed to have been a rather disconcerting surprise for her and Joan.

"Hullo, Hugh!" she responded, coolly. "Your letter found me three nights ago, saying you were back in England—didn't you get my answer to it?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, she added, quickly:—

"I'm glad to see you to-day—if only to correct that mistaken impression you seem to have brought with you, that you and I are, or have been, or ever will be engaged!"

There will be another fine instalment of this fascinating story to-morrow.



Patricia Chance.

Two Striking Long Novels JUST OUT!

THE MARRIAGE BROKER.
By H. Gregory Hill.

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By Christine Ashley.

Popular Fiction at a Popular Price.

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96 PAGES. EACH STORY COMPLETE.

THE MAKING OF MANON

By "Esterle."

I HAD a note from Manon this morning, asking me round to spend the afternoon at her microscopic flat. She had news, her note informed me hurriedly, she had three whole days' leave from the hospital, and a certain first lieutenant in the R.A.F. had wired to her that he had arrived in London and would call for her at six o'clock. Moreover, she wanted me to help her to finish a frock.

I went. I am fond of Manon, although I consider her unnecessarily good-looking. Her features are not extraordinarily fine, but the whole effect is dangerously charming. I looked forward to seeing her arming for conquest.

By four o'clock we were in her little bedroom. "Sit down, there's a dear," she said, "and while you are finishing that sash I will reveal to you my horrid secrets."

While she was examining herself critically in the glass I had time to observe she was not looking her best. She looked pale, and little lines were visible round the eyes and mouth. V.A.D. work is tiring, and it had left its mark on her. There were two little blackheads on her chin and her hair was lank and straight.

"Yes, I am a bit of a mess," she said, gaily, as if in answer to my unspoken thoughts. "Do you think Sidney will get an awful fright when he sees me?" It doesn't seem to worry you, anyway," I said, biting off a thread.

"It doesn't," she said, "because I am going to make myself pretty, here and now." "Paint and powder," I said, acidly, "will not banish those spots on your face. And you can't crimp your hair, because of the gas rationing. If you don't want to frighten your fiancé, you'd better take a few days' rest and keep severely to yourself."

"You dear old puss," said Manon, who was washing. "You don't use soap on your face!" I exclaimed, as she rubbed a creamy lather into her skin. "Not ordinary soap," she explained, as she rinsed and dried it. "Pileta. You wouldn't call my skin lathered, would you?" "I can't use anything but a neutral soap, and my chemist tells me this is the nearest to neutral you can get."

"What's that?" I asked. "Mercolised Wax," said Manon. "I never use cold creams, they clog your skin up and make it muddy. Whenever I get tired of my old skin I just put some of this on, which removes the outer cuticle, leaving a new skin underneath. No, you can't see it peeling, silly. Look!" I examined her closely, and certainly her skin looked wonderfully fresh and clear, and there was no sign of roughness.

"Now for these hateful blackheads," she exclaimed. By this time I was getting interested. She took a small tablet and dissolved it in a glass of hot water. "This is Stymol," she explained. When the effluence had subsided she bathed the blackheads with the water and dried her face carefully on a towel.

"Now look!" she said, triumphantly, turning her face to me.

I looked, and to my astonishment saw that the blemishes had entirely disappeared. "While she was brushing her hair I remarked, 'Aren't you going to have any sleeves at all in this frock?'"

"Of course not, it would ruin it. One must have one decent dance frock, even if it is only for leave-hops with six couples and a gramophone. That's what Sidney and I are doing to-night. Sleeves would ruin the frock."

"But, Manon," I expostulated. She smiled. "I'll tell you another little secret. Phenol for removing superfluous hair—is sold in powder form at any decent chemist's, and you mix it with water yourself so as to make a paste. It's simply wonderful, and the process isn't a bit painful, and doesn't leave any red marks or irritation."

Manon was still brushing her thick and pretty hair. It is fairly ordinary in colour, darkest brown, but there are soft lights in it, and it is beautifully glossy. "You wash your hair with stallox, don't you?" she asked me. I replied in the negative.

"Oh, but, my dear, you should, there's nothing like it. It's a bit expensive at first, as you can only get it in 1lb. packets, but they last for ages, and it works out very cheaply in the end. I washed mine last night."

"Good gracious," said I. "I could never do mine up properly so soon after a shampoo." She smiled absently. Now she was brushing a few drops of oil through her hair, and fussing about with a comb. When I saw her clearly, two deep and becoming waves were visible over her forehead.

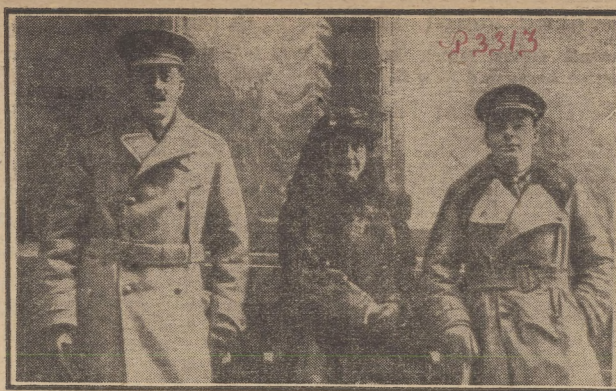
"All done by kindness and silmerine," she laughed.

"If I'd put it on last night, my hair would have been a mass of curls to-day. But it doesn't hurt me so, and I just comb a little in before I do it up." And she nodded charmingly, dressed head at my reflection in the glass. "Hot to-night," I remarked.

"Very," she said. "If I don't put some clemintite on I shall be a pink and shiny fright by the end of the first dance." She was covering her face with some lotion. "Practically home-made," she said. "Most chemists keep clemintite, and you make it up at home. Don't you think the effort's rather good?"

It was. There was a soft bloom on her face and neck which had no look of "make-up," but which had removed all unbecoming "shine." And the beauty of it was that it gave her a tiny hint of looking the same all the evening. No traces of a looking-glass and a powder puff for me, I say, Esterle, I'm rather pale though. Just for once!" She rubbed a trifle of powdered clemintite on her cheeks. It gave her a tiny pink flush which was most becoming, and brought out the colour of her eyes.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—(Adv't.)



BRITISH MISSION FOR CANADA—Major Francis Meynell, Ministry of Labour (left), Mrs. Ethel Wood, War Pensions Committee, and Captain P. C. Sharp, Military Orthopaedic Hospital.

MANY SMART POST-LENTEN WEDDINGS.

Miss Carnegie's Marriage With U.S. Naval Officer.

MISS ASQUITH AS BRIDE.

"Married in Lent—ever repent," an old adage which in past years has postponed many wedding ceremonies, is very much to the fore this year.

Superstitious feeling has been greatly increased by the years of war, and brides-to-be are taking no chances of their future happiness being wrecked by the non-observance of ancient maxims.

Cupid, *The Daily Mirror* learns, has been busy with his bow and arrows and many of his shots have gone home. The first result of his handiwork will be the marriage of Mr. Charles Neville and Miss Muriel O'Connor, which takes place on Easter Monday at Brompton Oratory.

Easter Tuesday will see two weddings—one in an old English country town, and the other in New York.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. G. I. Bolton and Miss Dorothea Paget are to be married in Chichester Cathedral, and Miss Margaret Carnegie, who will be one of the richest women in the world, will wed Ensign Roswell Miller, an officer of the United States Navy.

WIDOW OF V.C. TO WED.

Mrs. Kenna to Become the Wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Allen Johnson.

One naval and two military weddings are due on April 23.

Lady Hermione Stuart, daughter of the Earl of Moray, has chosen St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh, for her wedding ceremony with Captain Henry Triton Buller, R.N.

The Earl of Harrington's son, Major Viscount Petersham, is to marry Miss Margaret Trelawney at Holy Trinity, Sloane-street, and Mrs. Kenna, widow of the V.C., is to become the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Allen Johnson at Brompton Oratory.

It is not often that the private chapel at Marlborough House is the scene of a wedding, but by the special desire of Queen Alexandra, Mr. R. G. Davis and Miss Thea Peterson are to be married there.

The chapel contains some very handsome memorials to King Edward and the Duke of Clarence.

St. Margaret's, Westminster, the scene of so many famous weddings, will be crowded with famous people on April 30, when Miss Elizabeth Asquith is to marry Prince Antoine Bibesco, First Secretary of the Rumanian Legation.

Miss Asquith's wedding dress is to be of champagne under Venetian point lace, while her bridesmaids are to wear gowns of soft azalea shades harmonising with the floral decorations of the church.

RICH FIND OF ROMAN COINS.

The Exchequer Rome correspondent says: A message from Turin, via Allessa, d'ia Piedmont, says that a peasant, named Albini Pietro, while excavating, unearthed fourteen kilos of finely-preserved shining silver Roman coins. They date back to 150 years after Christ, and bear effigies of Caligula, Nero, and Caesar.

MIXED RELATIONS.

Describing his relationship to the deceased, a witness at the Westminster Coroner's Court yesterday said: "The deceased's sister, and next of kin, is the second wife of my father-in-law, consequently she is my stepmother-in-law." The Coroner: Well, I cannot understand it.

DAZZLE-JUMPERS.

Intriguing, Depression-Proof Garments for Easter Wear.

FIERY DRAGONS ON BROCADE.

Lucky horseshoes in purple worked on brocade of deep-sea blue, allied to fiery dragons, peacocks, shimmering dragon-flies, and quaint mystic signs, go to the making of the new "dazzle" jumpers.

No modern girl will consider her wardrobe complete this Easter without one of these depression-proof garments, for who could wear gold, flame, blue and orange all subtly blended and not feel stimulated?

The Daily Mirror saw a particularly intriguing model yesterday worn by a well-known dancing teacher at a tango-tea.

Fashioned in lily-leaf brocade, short of sleeve, and falling straight from the shoulders, it was embellished all over with gold swastikas, and weighted with heavy metallic tassels. This was almost luminous in effect.

Other models have a black-and-white draught-board pattern woven into silver tissue.

Of course, shoes to match accompany the jumpers—old ones being covered by clever fingers out of left-over pieces.

The woolly jumper is more popular than ever. The very latest things in this way, however, reach almost to the knee, and are finished with a deep band of fringe.

These, in light-weight wool, will be worn all through the summer—sunny "tango" shades being the most favoured.

MUST BE FLOGGED.

Failure of Appeal Against Strokes of the Cat Sentence.

In the Court of Criminal Appeal yesterday Mr. Justice Darling dismissed an application by George Williams for leave to appeal against a conviction and sentence of fifteen months' hard labour and twelve strokes of the cat, at the Birmingham Assizes, for robbery with violence on a Canadian soldier.

The Lord Chief Justice said that many years ago cases of robbery of that kind were very prevalent at Cardiff, and a large number of those cases came before Mr. Justice Lawrence there.

It had not been the practice in punishing persons convicted of that crime to resort to flogging, and the result was that the crime increased tremendously. It was then ordered that the punishment of flogging should be inflicted, and that there was not another case of that kind at the assizes.

CHASE OF £500 CAR.

Motor Company Manager Tells of Its Recovery in Haymarket.

When Albert Tyler, aged twenty-four, of Wyndham-street, Clerkenwell, was charged at Bow-street yesterday with being concerned in stealing a motor-car valued at £500, Mr. Robert Crossley, manager of the Darracq Motor Company, Fulham, said that he left the car outside the Motor Club, and afterwards saw it being driven away by two men.

Mr. Crossley ran after it, and at the top of the Haymarket it was brought to a standstill by a collision with a taxicab.

One of the men jumped out and ran away. Witness alleged that he seized Tyler as he was leaving the car and handed him over to a policeman.

Tyler denied that he was one of the men who was in the car, and said that he came out of the crowd.

It was stated that a large number of motor-cars had been stolen in the West End, and the magistrate ordered a remand.



The Children's Future

EDUCATION is one of the things on which it will not pay you to economise. When your little ones reach school age you will be glad to be able to give them the best possible start in life.

Then again, as they grow older the time may come when the possession of two or three hundred pounds may make all the difference to their future. It may decide whether your boy can continue his training for one of the great professions—whether your girl shall enter for an advanced course, or go abroad for a year or two to study languages.

Without the money you will not be able to give the children the chance they deserve and which you will want them to have. Make sure that you WILL have the money. Begin now to buy

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and buy them week by week. If you make a habit of buying Certificates REGULARLY, you will not feel the immediate loss of the money. Invest it in Savings Certificates and your savings will increase at the rate of 5 1/4% Compound Interest.

There is no safer, more profitable, or more convenient way of laying up a fund for the future.



FRECKLE-FACE.

New Remedy That Removes Freckles or Costs Nothing.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-Face, to try a new remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles, while, if it does give you a clear complexion, the cost is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of telmo—double strength—from Boots', Taylor's, Timothy White's, Hodder's (or other leading Chemists' Stores), and one night's treatment will show you how easy it is to rid yourself for ever of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask your chemist for the double strength telmo, as this is the only prescription sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—(Adv't.)

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CURED.

A Lady Will Send Free to any Sufferer The Secret Which Cured Her.

From childhood I was distressed and humiliated by an unwelcome growth of hair on my face, neck, arms, and legs. I tried all the depilatories, powders, liquids, creams and other rub-on preparations I ever heard of, only to make it worse. For weeks I suffered the electric needle without being rid of my hair. I spent hundreds of pounds in this way until my late husband, a famous Army Surgeon, secured possession of a sacred secret of the Hindu religion, which succeeded where all else failed, in giving me permanent relief from all trace of hair. I will now tell you, to enable any other sufferer achieve the same happy result, at a trifle at home. All I ask is that you send me coupon below, or copy of same, with your name and address stating whether Mrs. (or Miss) and 2d. stamps for reply. Address as below.

THIS FREE COUPON or copy of same to be sent to: Mrs. HUDSON. Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair, also details of other beauty secrets as soon as you can. Address: FRANCESCA HUDSON, Dept. 8104, No. 8, Old, Vauxhall St., London, W.C.

IMPORTANT NOTE—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with entire confidence. Address as above.

American Crew for Henley.—It is now certain that a large American crew will be among the entries for the King's Cup at Henley. A well-known Putney boat builder has been commissioned to build them a racing eight. They are training in France.

Military Leave Ranelagh.—Ranelagh Club has been partially in military occupation for some time, and, in consequence, golf there has been interfered with to a slight extent. The military will be the club yesterday, and it is expected that they will be unrestricted play on all the eighteen holes almost at once.

FOOD GUARANTEES FOR EASTER.

Holiday-Makers' Plans for Emergencies.

TINNED COURSES MENU.

Holiday-makers will be pleased to learn that there will be increased supplies of almost every kind of food at Easter.

Managers of hotels and restaurants, in anticipation of the rush, are placing big orders with tradesmen, but, as the influx of visitors may exceed anticipations, especially off the beaten track, visitors would be well-advised to prepare for emergencies.

"Personally I intend to carry a supply of tinned food in my luggage," a cautious housewife told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"The tins take up very little space," she added, pointing to a neat cardboard box containing dinners for half a week.

"But tinned food sounds rather unappealing," objected *The Daily Mirror*, with poignant memories of a week in a boat with tinned food for lunch and resurrected tongue for dinner.

"That is because people don't know how to use it," said the expert. "I flatter myself I can do better. What do you think of the following menu for dinner, sufficient for two or three persons:—

Mock Turtle Soup.
Pilchards in Tomato.
Mutton Cutlets.
Marrowfat Pies. New Potatoes.
Peas and Rice Condé.

"Add a bottle of wine and you have a dinner for a king; at least in these democratic days. I have purposely chosen a simple menu, and it can be varied every day. If you like, you may have something much more ambitious. Hors d'œuvres variés, whole roast chickens, galantines of many kinds, grouse or truffled pheasant." "And the cost?" she was asked.

TINNED COURSES.

"Twelve shillings would be more than enough for these persons if my simple menu is used. Here it is:—

Two half-pint tins of soup 1s. 1d.
1lb. tin of pilchards 0s. 11d.
1lb. of boneless mutton cutlets 3s. 6d.
1 pint of peas 2s. 6d.
1lb. of new potatoes 1s. 6d.
1lb. tin of peaches 1s. 6d.
Rice, in milk 1s. 6d.

"Or a total of 11s. 7d., which leaves a few pence for sauces and a little jelly for the peas and rice condé.

"Everything must be prepared as though you were dealing with fresh food—except that you must not leave tinned food in the pot so long. If seasonings and thickenings are used you can hardly believe that the food came out of a tin.

"You see, it is a very simple secret of success. But don't expect a palatable meal simply by boiling the tin in hot water.

"With a little practice, anyone—even a mere man—becomes expert at blending the contents of tins until a perfect meal is produced.

"I certainly do not intend to trust to chance while I can carry my own provision store about with me."

LEAP TO DEATH.

Suicide in Prison of Man Charged with Murder.

One of two brothers named Starrs, both of whom were in Duke-street Prison, Glasgow, awaiting trial on a charge of murdering and robbing a spirit merchant, yesterday committed suicide by springing over the railings of the gallery of the prison, on to the stone floor, 30ft. below.

The dead man, William Starrs, and his brother were being taken back to the cells after exercise.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE

Quiet Day—Rise in Maypoles—Tape Quotations Again.

MINES AND RUBBERS DULL.

From Our City Editor.

The City, Tuesday.

Markets appear to have now settled down to inactivity until after Easter. Very few new features developed to-day. One was East African Estates 3½. War loan easier 95 15-16. The Burma twins were quieter, Corporations eased to 7½, rather sellers, Oils firm 10 9-16. The little Rubies attained 5s. 10d. on dividend expectations held out by a financial daily but unlikely to be realised.

Mines generally were rather dull. Central Minings exceptionally received support 8½, but this company's interests now include many outside South Africa, such as Burma Corps, Sudan Plantations, Magadi Soda, Trinidad Leaseholds, Modders 26½, Springs 3½, and other Rand shares were easier. Diamond shares were also weaker. Rhoezia Devels were harder 10s, Falcons 14s. Esperanza eased to 16s. Plymouth's were rather lower 26s. 3d., California Ex. 11s. 6d. Colombians were harder 55s. 3d. Russian mines were dull. Aerated Breads eased 4 5-16, but at one time were 4 3-16. Maypole Deferred were good market, with active dealers throughout, closing 1s. 8d. up 21s. 9d. anticipating the dividend. Weisbachs again harder 3 7-16.

City of London were strong in breweries, 3 up 1½. Watneys harder 12½. Steel strong 10 up 18½. Nitrate shares were again favoured.

In oils Shells were good 8½ bid. British Borneo 5 1-16 buyers, Egyptian "B's" 4½ bid. N. Caucasians weak 24s. 6d., after 23s. 6d. on reported fire on the company.

Rubbers were rather off colour. Trusts 32s. Asiatics 8s. 1½d. Serlings 11s. 6d. Duffs eased to 15s. 6d. on official denial of Dunlop Rubber rumour.

Certain Restaurants is formed with capital £300,000 to acquire the Criterion and Apperold's business, Mr. Solly Joel being represented on the board. R. E. Jones, Ltd. of South Wales, is increasing capital £100,000 to £200,000 to acquire Hotel de Provence, Leicester-square, Bedford Head, Tottenham Court-road, and other London premises.

"Tape" quotations are to be resumed on private basis, buying and selling prices instead of the present very misleading records of "business done."

The Greenwhich Inland Linoleum Co., closed down during the war, is resuming operations. £100,000 7½ per cent. five-year notes are to be issued, convertible into ordinary shares, at 12s. 6d., also 200,000 10s. ordinary shares at par. Preference dividend four years arrears are to be paid in eight half-yearly instalments, and interest rate on preference shares raised by 1 per cent.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Slough Inquiry Committee met yesterday, when it was proposed to visit the Government site.

Two German submarines, escorted by a French destroyer and war parted their tow yesterday near Beachy Head.

For Banks Only.—April 19 has been proclaimed a Bank Holiday, the proclamation referring to banks only.

£257,000,000 was standing to the credit of depositors in the Post Office Savings Bank on March 31.—Postmaster-General.

Court Move to Windsor.—The Court will move to Windsor for the Easter tide to-day and the journey will probably be made by motor in the afternoon.

Soldier Charged with Murder.—At Bristol yesterday, Freddie Manning, Australian soldier, was remanded for the wilful murder of Arthur Tankins, discharged soldier from the Gloucester Regiment, on Monday evening.

A Local Government inquiry was held at Worcester yesterday to sanction the purchase of eight acres of a recreation ground, to be known as Gheluvelt Park, one acre to be devoted to homes for disabled sailors and soldiers.

REPLY TO THE

SKIN CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.

BLOODLESS SURGERY.

Read what a great-Skin Specialist says:—

Since the leading newspapers have made public that an Englishman, a great skin specialist, was made famous by thousands of wonderful cures by a skin preparation known only to herself, each post from all parts of the country is now bringing in big batches of fresh cures of practically every skin disease.

She is daily curing patients from London hospitals that for years could not be cured; they have had operations and bones scraped; but she does not use a lance, nor is there any cutting or the use of X-ray to find the disease.

ZEE-KOL, this great skin cure, penetrates right to the bottom of the disease, it cures and new skin is formed. Its wonderful power of healing are felt at the first treatment; there is no drawing, no burning or irritation, only a gentle warmth and a healthy glow comes through the skin, and you know at once that Zee-Kol has commenced

doing its work of first, destroying the germs and the unhealthy tissues are replaced by new and healthy skin. Blisters in areas covered with ECZEMA have been thoroughly cured. ZEE-KOL soothes the most delicate skin. It is non-toxic, it does not irritate, it does not burn. ECZEMA, and BAD LEGS are cured in record time. PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, and PILES quickly disappear and do not return.

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

The discoverer will send free to all a large sample and a book on the treatment of skin diseases with testimonials from cured sufferers. Send only name and address, and no postage. ZEE-KOL, Mfg. Co., (Dept. 9), 39, Mitchell-street, Old-street, London. Further supplies from J. C. Mitchell, including Boots' Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., Tinsley's, etc., etc., and all the big chemists and druggists, at 2s. 3d. per box, or four times the quantity, 3s.

ZEE-KOL
THE WONDER SKIN CURE

FOR DEEP CORNS AND THICK CALLOUSES.

THEY ARE NO LONGER NECESSARY. BUT OF COURSE YOU WANT PROOF. HERE IT IS.

A foot bath in hot salted water is all you need. It does not affect sound, healthy skin in the slightest degree, but acts only on the dead, hardened skin composing corns and callouses, which it softens just as water softens soap. Then pick the corn right out, root and all, like the hull out of a strawberry. Merely cutting the top off with a razor or burning it off with caustic liquids, plasters, etc., is about as logical as cutting the top off an aching tooth, and is simply a waste of time. Also it hurts, and is dangerous. Over a million packets of Reudel Bath Saltrates (for the preparation of salted water) have been sold during the past two years, every one containing a signed and legally binding guarantee to return money in full if any user is dissatisfied. No question, no delay, and no red tape. Yet the sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, as you will understand when you see for yourself the wonderful effects it produces. In packages of convenient sizes and at very low prices, from all chemists. Ask them about it.

For Liver Disorders use Alkai Saltrates. (Adv.)

NICKEL SILVER WATCHES

Delivered on First Payment of Only. You have 2/- Watch whilst paying for it.



Gent's full size Railway - time-keeping Keyless Lever Watch, Stout Nickel Silver or Oxidised Damp and Dust-proof cases, plain dial, perfectly balanced superior Lever movement, splendid Time-keepers. Price for the pocket or wrist 15/- each. Luminous dial (see time in dark), 2/- extra. Ladies' Chain or Wrist 2/- extra.

WE will send either of these watches on receipt of P.O. for 2/-, After receiving Watch, you send us a further 2/- and promise to pay the remaining 1/- by weekly or monthly instalments. For cash with order enclose 14/- only. 5 years warranty given with every watch.

THE LEVER WATCH CO., Ltd. (Dept. 25), 42a, Stockwell Green, London, S.W.9.



THE FUEL ORDER.

You MU T save coal and gas you can effect a very real economy by using CAST IRON. A scientific test by Prof. J. H. Poynting of Birmingham University shows that:—
Using CAST IRON Pan—water boiled in 67 min 57 sec.
Using Enamelled Pan—water boiled in 17 min 29 sec.
An advantage of 5'33" in favour of CAST IRON.
Equal coal cwt. of Coals used on eve y ton!
And Cast Iron Utensils last so long that they may be said to NEVER wear out there is economy every way with Cast Iron.
Procureable at 2d. 6d. 10d. 15d. 20d. 25d. 30d. 35d. 40d. 45d. 50d. 55d. 60d. 65d. 70d. 75d. 80d. 85d. 90d. 95d. 100d. 105d. 110d. 115d. 120d. 125d. 130d. 135d. 140d. 145d. 150d. 155d. 160d. 165d. 170d. 175d. 180d. 185d. 190d. 195d. 200d. 205d. 210d. 215d. 220d. 225d. 230d. 235d. 240d. 245d. 250d. 255d. 260d. 265d. 270d. 275d. 280d. 285d. 290d. 295d. 300d. 305d. 310d. 315d. 320d. 325d. 330d. 335d. 340d. 345d. 350d. 355d. 360d. 365d. 370d. 375d. 380d. 385d. 390d. 395d. 400d. 405d. 410d. 415d. 420d. 425d. 430d. 435d. 440d. 445d. 450d. 455d. 460d. 465d. 470d. 475d. 480d. 485d. 490d. 495d. 500d. 505d. 510d. 515d. 520d. 525d. 530d. 535d. 540d. 545d. 550d. 555d. 560d. 565d. 570d. 575d. 580d. 585d. 590d. 595d. 600d. 605d. 610d. 615d. 620d. 625d. 630d. 635d. 640d. 645d. 650d. 655d. 660d. 665d. 670d. 675d. 680d. 685d. 690d. 695d. 700d. 705d. 710d. 715d. 720d. 725d. 730d. 735d. 740d. 745d. 750d. 755d. 760d. 765d. 770d. 775d. 780d. 785d. 790d. 795d. 800d. 805d. 810d. 815d. 820d. 825d. 830d. 835d. 840d. 845d. 850d. 855d. 860d. 865d. 870d. 875d. 880d. 885d. 890d. 895d. 900d. 905d. 910d. 915d. 920d. 925d. 930d. 935d. 940d. 945d. 950d. 955d. 960d. 965d. 970d. 975d. 980d. 985d. 990d. 995d. 1000d.

SPECIAL OFFER TO RHEUMATISM SUFFERERS FREE SAMPLE OF ODDS ON OILS

rubbed into the painful part will effect instant relief and cure. They impart softness and freedom to the limbs.



SAMPLE FREE

So sure are the proprietors of the value of "Odds on Oils" that they are making a special offer of a FREE TRIAL BOTTLE, post paid.

Do not suffer longer 'badness' On sale at BOOTS & DRUGS, and other chemists, in 1/3 and 1/6 bottles, or sent direct post free on receipt of 1/6 or 3/6 from "ODDS ON SPECIFICS" CO., Ltd (Dept. 6), 38 and 57, Cock Lane, London, E.C.



BABY WOODS

"He was a puny Baby."

Fairview, Corton, Lowestoft.
Feb. 4th, 1918.

Dear Sirs,

I am enclosing the photo of my baby boy; he is 15 months old and weighs 30½ lb.

He was a puny baby until at the age of three weeks I commenced to give him Virol; now he is a particularly tall, fine, happy, healthy boy, full of fun and mischief.

He has cut 16 teeth without any trouble, can walk, and he talks quite plainly. He is very fond of his Virol.

Signed AGNES WOODS.

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,000 Hospitals and Infant Clinics.

Virol Babies have firm flesh, strong bones, and rood colour.



In Jars 1/1, 1/10 & 3/3.

VIROL, LTD., 142-146, Old St., London, E.C. BRITISH MADE & BRITISH OWNED S.H.D.

FACTORY TO RIDER
racked knee, Carriage Pail
1500 Days Free Trial.
LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.
Prompt delivery. Save Dealers' Profits. Big Bargains in Shop Soiled and Second-hand. Cycles, Satisfaction guaranteed or Money refunded. Write for Large Size Free Lists and Special Offer of Sample Bicycle.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, INCORP.
(Dept. 235A), BIRMINGHAM

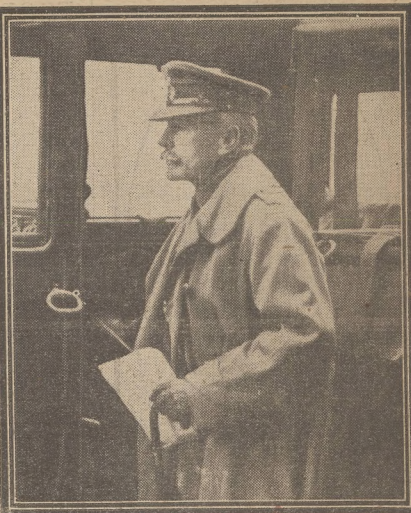
THE MOST WONDERFUL VALUE IN THE RAINCOAT WORLD
You will want a new Raincoat sooner or later, so don't put it off until it does rain, and buy the first you see. If you seek greater Style and greater Value, the Coat for you is the beautiful fully-finished proper fitting "SARTOR" Raincoat. It is only because we are the actual manufacturers that we can afford to sell them at the astonishingly low price of **29/6**
So don't delay another day, and if you are not perfectly satisfied we will willingly refund your money. Made in reliable quality Gabardine Cloth, in various shades, fully lined, check fabric, with smart belt and buckles. Gent's, Misses' and Youths' all in stock. Write TO-DAY for FREE PATTERNS & Fashion Booklet.
SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. S), 53, Oxford Rd., MANCHESTER.

Wednesday, April 16, 1919.

HER ARM IN A SLING.



Miss Megan Lloyd George snapped in St. James' Park yesterday. She is carrying her arm in a sling, but judging from her happy smile, she is not suffering any inconvenience.



Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig arriving yesterday to take up his duties as Commander-in-Chief of the Home forces. The Horse Guards will be his quarters for the future, and the photograph shows him arriving there.



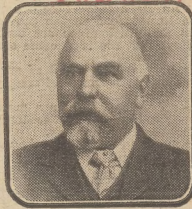
Mrs. Marshall (on left) leaving Buckingham Palace yesterday after the investiture of which she received the Victoria Cross awarded to her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel John Marshall, Irish Guards, att. Lancs. Fus.



SOLDIERS SIGN PETITION. It is hoped to get 50,000 signatures to the appeal being made in Manchester on behalf of Gurner Coryton.



AN AIR RECORD. Captain Jefferson, R.A.F., who carried dispatches from Hendon to Paris in 75m. The distance is 215 miles.



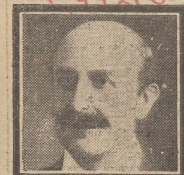
DOCK BUILDER. Mr. John Macauley, who has died. He was responsible for the scheme for building the great Alexandra Docks at Newport.



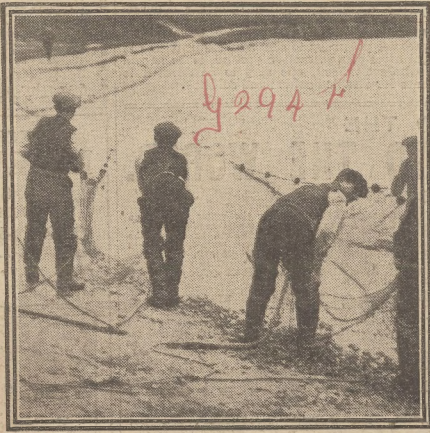
NEWCOMER TO THE ZOO. This five-months-old leopard is the latest arrival, and will be the Eastertide attraction. It was brought from India.



BRIDE-TO-BE. Miss Rita Ethel Mary Warrington, whose engagement to Capt. Philip Tudor Owen is announced.



PENSIONS. Sir E. Montagu Barlow, M.P., chairman of a new committee to report upon methods of administration.



SALMON FISHING ON THE RIVER DEE. The reason why such care has to be taken in hauling in the nets is because the salmon is not going to be caught if it can help it, the fish being able to jump clear of obstacles.



—To keep the salmon in the net.



HELPS BLIND. Mrs. J. E. Ridge has raised more than £100 for St. Dunstan's Hostel by selling black mascot cats.



GENTLEMAN USHER. Rear-Admiral P. Nelson-Ward, to succeed Sir H. D. Erskine, who has resigned as Gentleman Usher.